

MEET THE FOCKERS • LEMONY SNICKET

MAD^{IND} [®]

CELEBRITY
POKER
ISSUE!
(BIG DEAL!)



PLUS:
DEADWOOD
SPY vs. SPY
A MAD LOOK AT BULLIES

UNITED STATES

#452 APRIL 2005 \$3.50 CHEAP!

0 4>



www.madmag.com

MAD

APRIL 2005

NUMBER 452

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS AND TORNADOS DEPARTMENT:

Random Samplings of Reader Mail
From Midwest Trailer Parks.....

2

NO LIME OR REASON DEPARTMENT:

MAD Ranks the 10 Most Irrational Citrus Fruits.....

6

A KITE AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL DEPARTMENT:

MAD Examines Some Classic Picnic-Related
Train Wrecks.....

10

SHOOTING FROM THE REPLACEMENT HIP DEPARTMENT:

A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes
at the AARP Skeet Competition.....

14

TIDE AND PREJUDICE DEPARTMENT:

Your Oceanographer Might Be a Bigot if

18

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT:

Monroe and...Texas Hold 'Em.....

21

DEF TRAFFIC JAM DEPARTMENT:

Russell Simmons' Tips for Avoiding Gridlock.....

25

RUBBING YOU THE THONG WAY DEPARTMENT:

MAD's Funny-But-True Yeast Infection Stories.....

28

WHEN BUSH COMES TO SHOVEL DEPARTMENT:

What if The President Moonlighted
Plowing Snow?.....

32

JOKE AND JAGGER DEPARTMENT:

Spy Vs. The Rolling Stones.....

35

SERGE-IN BENADRYL DEPARTMENT:

A MAD Look at Pollen Allergies.....

38

ON THE RODENT TO RECOVERY DEPARTMENT:

The Wacky Misadventures of Therapist Squirrel.....

42

PRANKS FOR NOTHING DEPARTMENT:

MAD's April Fools' Contents Page.....

1

MARGARINE THINKING DEPARTMENT:

"Drawn Out Butter" by Sergio Aragones.....
Various Places Around the Magazine

MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues \$24.00 or 24 issues \$45.00 or 36 issues \$60.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues \$30.00 or 24 issues \$57.00 or 36 issues \$78.00. (Canadian price has GST tax included.) Entire contents © copyright 2005 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, P.O. Box 52345 Boulder, CO 80322-2345. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

18

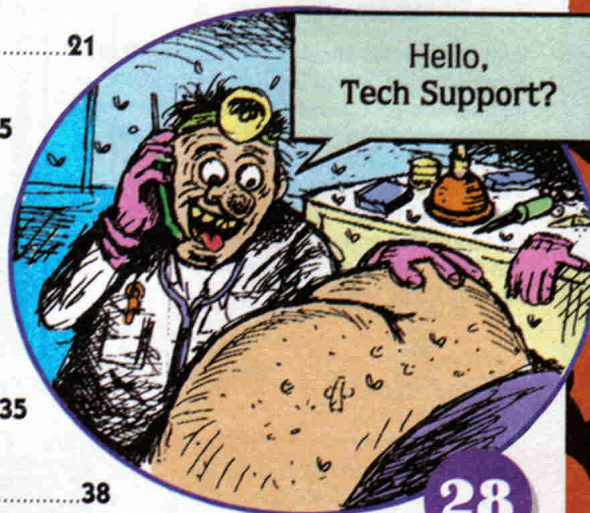


10



FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK STUTZMAN

Hello,
Tech Support?



28

Nowadays,
it seems like the biggest
difference between a man's wife
and his boss is that when the
government comes looking for
a handout, the honeymoon
is really over!



ALFRED E. NEUMAN

14



6

38



42





BOUND TO DISAPPOINT

I have been reading MAD on and off since 1974. While your step from black and white to color pages improved the appeal ten-fold, your saddle-stitching is progressively deteriorating. The center stitch (staple) falls out not long after first opening the magazine. The top and bottom stitch are not completely closed. I have worked in print/bindery for nine years and this is an unacceptable industry standard. I recommend whoever does your print negotiations bring this to their attention. Just thinking of you.

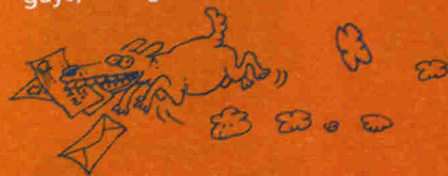
Tom Jurkiewicz, Wauconda, IL

Beef Jurky — We showed your letter to VP of Manufacturing, Alison Gill. She completely agreed with your assessment and was even more impressed by your professional know-how. In fact, she has agreed to recall the defective issues to have them repaired. Please send us your full street address, so we can pass it on to the readers and they can FedEx their damaged issues to you to hand-fix them! —Ed.



NOW WE'VE SHEEN EVERYTHING

Recently, the stars of the hit CBS show *Two and a Half Men* were stupid enough to send in this photo of themselves reading our spoof (MAD #450). The reactions of the cast — top row (l-r) Holland Taylor, Melanie Lynskey, Conchata Ferrell, unknown (could it be Denise Richards?) and Marin Hinkle, and bottom row (l-r) Jon Cryer, Charlie Sheen and Angus T. Jones — were mixed. Break's over, guys, now get back to work!



Once again it's time for the exciting section we like to call "The Answer MAD." It's where we take letters from other publications and offer our own two cents. This month's chestnut is from the December issue of *GamePro* magazine. Here, without further ado, we show where *GamePro* tackles the weighty issues of the day!



I have always wanted a gaming tattoo. After months of thought, I went with a Halo tattoo. I was never a first-person-shooter fan, and I always avoided them. Then along came this game, and it changed my thoughts about the whole genre. Halo had the greatest impact on me as a gamer; and that experience stretches almost 20 years. I am branded for life. It's all about loyalty.

D.C. via the Internet

D.C. — You say your decision to get the *Halo* tattoo was "all about loyalty," but we think it was probably "all about eating a ton of lead paint as a child." Thanks for writing and good luck saving up for the tattoo removal surgery! —Ed.

CENSORSHIP OF FOOLS

To Whom It May Concern:

I would like to file a complaint about your magazine. I think it's vulgar and should not be sold to minors under the age of 18. It should be treated like porn, due to the frequent nudity and sexually explicit terms. If you do not wish to comply with these requests, at least have a censored version for minors. I would also like to say that your magazine has some drug reference. Please also censor this from your magazine. Thank you for your time.

Armando Rodriguez, Morgan Hill, CA

A-Rod — We're sorry, but we are unable to offer a version of MAD that excludes all sexual terms, nudity, drug references and assorted vulgarities. However, even though we don't normally censor ourselves, we were persuaded by your request. Below, please find your letter reprinted and censored of all stupid comments, deranged accusations, asinine ramblings and moronic threats! Enjoy and keep reading MAD! —Ed.

To Whom It May Concern:

[REDACTED]

Armando Rodriguez, Morgan Hill, CA



ONE GOOD INTERN DESERVES ANOTHER



2004 was a big year for reunions: Motley Crüe, Duran Duran, The Pixies. But none could compare to the granddaddy of them all — The Former MAD Intern Extravaganza at last year's holiday party! Some of the interns in attendance were (l-r): Jacob Lambert (1999), Dave Croatto (1998), Amanda Pettit (2004), Arie Kaplan (1993), Matt Cohen (1992), (seated) Butch D'Ambrosio (1991) and Jonathan Bresman (1993).

Want to be in a picture? Want to be invited to the hottest party of the year (A balmy 73 F!)? Apply to be a MAD intern! For application information, e-mail your request to: submissions@madmagazine.com or send it snail mail to: Amy "The Big Intern" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, 5th Floor, NY, NY 10019.

YOU'VE BEEN PUNCTUATED

Ed., why is it that whenever you write back to fans you always finish with an exclamation point? Is it because everything you said in every letter was very important? Or was it just that you're always making a joke at the end of your letter?

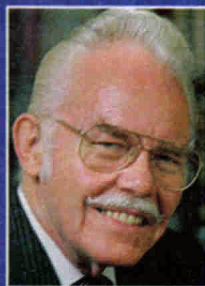
Dylan McAdam, Laconia, NH

McAdam's Rib — Why do we use exclamation points? Well, there are a couple of reasons. Sometimes we do it because we are so excited to answer a thoughtful, well-written letter (note the lack of exclamation points so far). Other times, we use them to drive home an important statement. For example: Dylan McAdam, you're a robo-turd!!!!!! —Ed.



FRANK KELLY FREAS

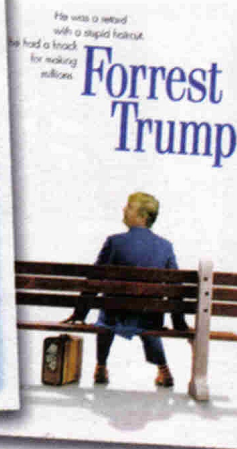
We are sad to report the passing of MAD artist, Frank Kelly Freas, on January 2, 2005. During his short but prolific run in the late 1950s to early 60s, Kelly's memorable illustrations included 30 covers in the magazine, countless paperback covers and numerous advertising parodies. We extend our deepest condolences to his family. To see all the covers that Kelly did for the magazine, check out our special tribute to him in MAD Color Classics #11 on sale now!



READER ALERT

If you love posters as much as we do, you'll want to pick up MAD Color Classics #11. How much do we love posters, you wonder? Enough to run a double-sided one featuring our "Forrest Trump" spoof on one side and an all-new, never-before-seen poster on the other! Buy it now wherever magazines are sold!

DIARRHEA—
It's Not So
Funny Now, Is It?



**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD #453
ON SALE APRIL 12!**

**WE TAKE ON
ABC PRIMETIME
WITH OUR SPOOFS OF
LOST AND DESPERATE
HOUSEWIVES!**

MAD

William M. Gaines
founder

John Ficarra
editor

Editorial:

Charlie Kaddau, Joe Raiola
senior editors

Amy Vozeolas, Greg Leitman & Dave Croatto associate editors

Nick Meglin contributing editor

Dick DeBartolo creative consultant

Art Department:

Sam Viviano art director

Nadina Simon associate art director

Patricia Dwyer assistant art director

Ryan Flanders, Brian Durniak & Doug Thomson production artists

Leonard Brenner graphics consultant

Administration:

Paul Levitz president and publisher

Georg Brewer vp — design & retail product development

Richard Brunning senior vp — creative director

Patrick Caldon senior vp — finance & operations

Chris Caramalis vp — finance

Terri Cunningham vp — managing editor

Alison Gill vp — manufacturing

Rich Johnson vp — book trade sales

Henk Kanalz vp — general manager — wildstorm

Lillian Laserson senior vp & general counsel

David McKillips vp — advertising & custom publishing

John Nee vp — business development

Gregory Noveck senior vp — creative affairs

Cheryl Rubin senior vp — brand management

Bob Wayne vp — sales & marketing

**Contributing Artists
And Writers**
the usual gang of idiots

**FOR ADVERTISING
INQUIRIES ONLY,
PLEASE CALL 212-636-5520!**

For SUBSCRIPTION Questions:

Go to the MAD website! All you need is your name and zip code to renew, change your address, give a gift subscription, check your account balance and expiration dates or to request a missing issue. Just go to www.madmag.com or call 1-800-4MAD-MAG (U.S. and Canada only) or write to P.O. Box 52345, Boulder, CO 80322-2345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or e-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you here!

VISIT OUR WEB SITE!
madmag.com

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 452, 1700 Broadway,
New York, New York, 10019.

MAD welcomes reader submissions.

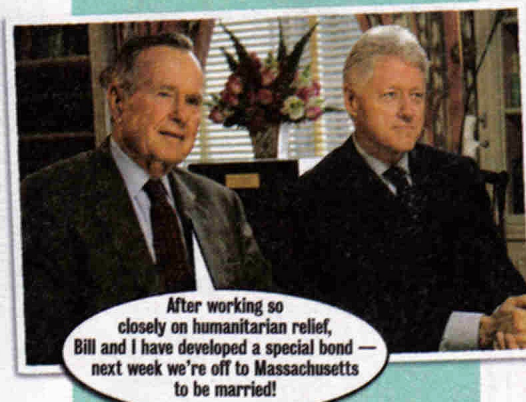
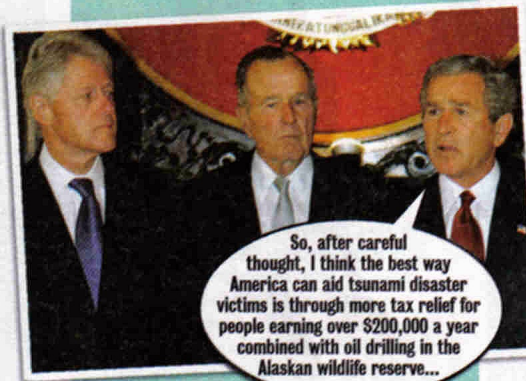
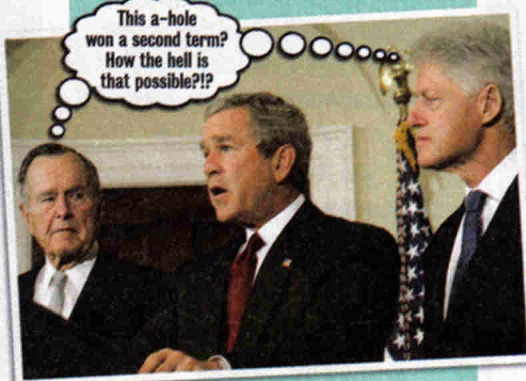
Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

Fax MAD at 212-506-4848!

THE FUNDALINI

FUNDALINI PHOTO NEWS:

THE PRESIDENTS UNITE FOR DISASTER RELIEF



CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This month: JON STEWART

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Tripped by Dan Rather on way to stage to accept "Most Trusted Newsmen" Award	1:1
Cranium explodes from cumulative pressure of "swelled head" he got during 2004 Campaign about his "importance" to political process	10:1
Stabbed by Tucker Carlson groupie for going on <i>Crossfire</i> and insulting the bowtied little twerp	20:1
Kills self upon realizing he actually <i>is</i> the main source of news for twenty-something Americans	50:1
Gaveled to death by Supreme Court Justices pissed that he showed them naked in his book <i>America</i>	75:1



THE DAILY SHOW

ACCEPTABLE/UNACCEPTABLE APRIL FOOL'S PRANKS

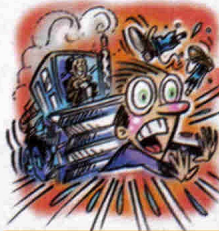
Acceptable

Tie your friend's shoelaces together and have a good laugh when he falls down as he tries to walk.



Acceptable

Leave a bag of flaming dog poo on your neighbor's front steps and have a good laugh when he stomps it out.



Unacceptable

Tie your friend's shoelaces together and then run him down with a wheat thresher.



Unacceptable

Leave a bag of flaming dog poo on your neighbor's front steps. While he's busy stomping it out, sneak around and set the back of his house on fire.

Acceptable

When your brother falls asleep, dip his hand in a bucket of warm water and have a good laugh when he wets himself.



Unacceptable

When your brother falls asleep, dip his hand in a bucket of warm water so he wets himself. Then plug in a toaster and toss that in the bucket, too.



Acceptable

Tell a classmate he's got a stain on his shirt and when he looks down at it, have a good laugh by quickly running your finger up his chest, flicking his nose.



Unacceptable

Tell a classmate he's got a stain on his shirt and when he looks down at it, clip him on top of the head with a ball peen hammer.



Acceptable

Sign the school attendance sheet as "Dick Hertz" and have a good laugh when the teacher asks, "Who's Dick Hertz?"



Unacceptable

Sign the school attendance sheet as "Dick Hertz" and when the teacher asks, "Who's Dick Hertz?" drop your drawers to prove you weren't lying.



PAGES

NEW ON DVD

BE ARTEST

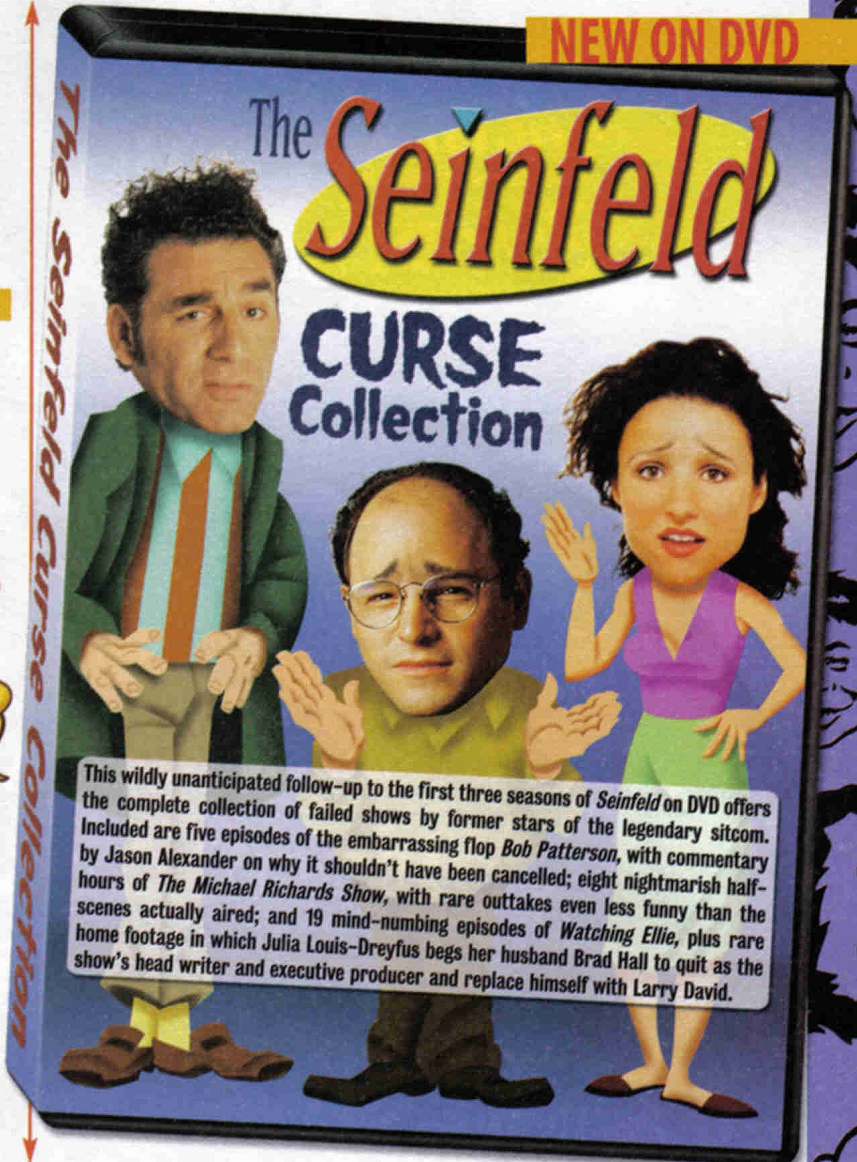
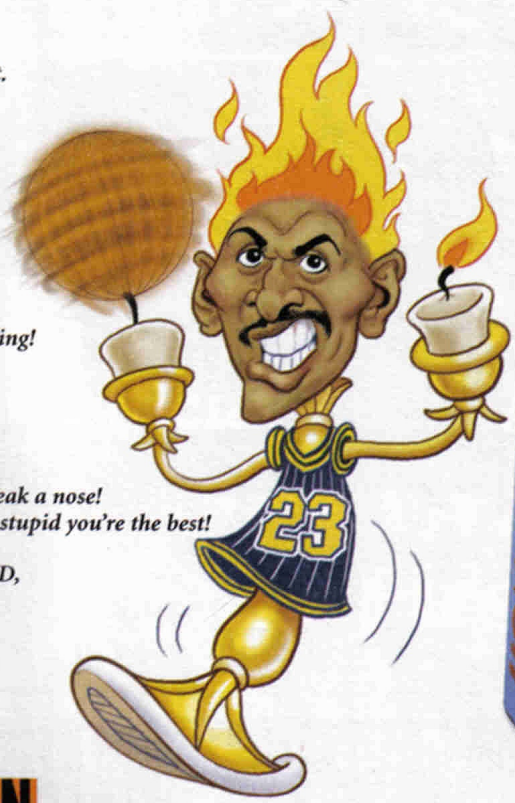
Sung to the tune of "Be Our Guest" (From *Beauty and the Beast*)

Be Artest!
Be Artest!
Cause some NBA unrest.
Lose your temper
in the stands, my boy,
And smash
somebody's chest!

What a joke!
Drenched with Coke!
Punch them hard
then kick and choke.
Fling a chair, it's satisfying!
You don't care
if someone's dying!

Throw a fit!
Rip some clothes!
And don't stop there, break a nose!
When it comes to being stupid you're the best!

Then go and sell your CD,
On national TV
Be Artest!
Be Artest!
Be Artest!



BITTERMAN



MAGAZINE CORRECTIONS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED



THE FAST 5

LITTLE-KNOWN CLAUSES IN THE
BRAD PITT/JENNIFER ANISTON
DIVORCE SETTLEMENT

- Both parties agree not to contest the other being referred to as "the pretty one" when the former couple is written about in the tabloids.
- The couple shall equally divide all hair care, spray-on tan, and teeth-whitening assets.

• Aniston and Pitt will share in all revenue derived from any grainy, homemade sex tapes that somehow wind up on the internet.

• The couple will share joint custody of Schwimmer.

• The issue of who gets to do the teary-eyed, post-divorce Barbara Walters interview shall be determined by an online poll sponsored by *Us Weekly*.

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Head Lice	Ringworm	Chiggers
Lollygagging	Sauntering	Dilly-Dallying
Adoptions	Foster kids	Abortions

EGG DONORS WANTED
Confidential. Good \$\$\$ Will supply nest, Styrofoam crates, grit, feedcorn.
Zyg's House of Omelettes
555-4736

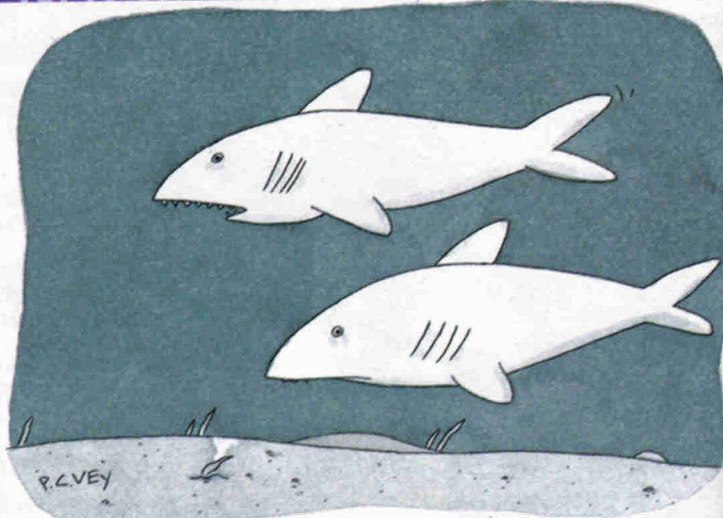
ACTIVIST / ORGANIZER
Powerless grass roots organization needs idealistic, naive young people with no concept of reality to ultimately accomplish nothing by holding signs in front of government buildings and getting bored motorists to honk their horns. Free hackey sack!
www.repeachgw.com

RESPIRATOR & Lark scooter, hospital bed, motorized wheelchair, electric recliner chair, stair-lift. Xclnt condition, \$400 all. Husband still alive; I'm just tired of the constant whirring noise.
Mabel 941-555-6723

BARTEND!

1-2 week program will have you cutting lime wedges, mopping up vomit and swiping inflatable liquor bottles from the beer distributor's truck like a pro! Earning potential up to \$47 in moist ones and fives daily + collectible tap handles. Financial assistance & free wet bar rag for those who qualify. 888-555-5673

VEY TO GO!



"I THINK I MIGHT BE ALLERGIC TO PEOPLE WHO EAT SHELLFISH."

SURPRISING THINGS That Might Be Found During THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN EASTER EGG HUNT

The *real* memos documenting Bush's lack of attendance during his National Guard service.

Scrap metal the Department of Defense intends to supply troops with to help armor-up their vehicles.

10,000 letters of condolence to the families of soldiers currently serving in Iraq - personally rubber stamped in advance by Donald Rumsfeld.

Vice President Cheney's prescription heart medication (purchased in Canada, where it's cheaper).

Condoleezza Rice's unread copy of The 9/11 Commission Report.

Disgraced Homeland Security Chief nominee Bernard Kerik's acceptance speech.

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Charles Akins
Scott Maiko

Scott Bricher
Mike Snider

Michael Gallagher
Jack Syracuse

Garth Gerhart
P.C. Vey

Jeff Kruse
Brian Young



Everyone knows that the book is always better than the movie. But what happens when the book sucks to begin with? Well...you get an even suckier movie. And when the movie is based on THREE books that suck, well, unluckily for us, we get...

LIMITED TH A SERI UNEVE MISFOR

I'm the Sexiest Silhouette Alive, and your humble narrator, Limited Thickwit! And, for no apparent reason, I live inside an old C&C Music Factory music video! It is my sad duty to say stupid stuff like, "It is my sad duty." My main duty is thinking up new ways to say "And then, something bad happened!"

The plot of this film is "mean guy acts mean." But for some viewers, even that's a little too complicated! Which is where a narrator steps in to explain things, by repeating what everybody just saw. Kind of like a network news anchor! But I don't mind this job. When they only film you in shadow, you don't always have to wear pants. Again, kind of like a network news anchor!

I'm the eldest of the Bootylicious orphans, Violate! My special talent is inventing things out of everyday objects. Catapults, conveyor belts, parachutes, you name it! But my best creation is this push-up wonderbra I built out of two rolls of wax paper, a doily and a spork!

While the kiddies wonder what plot Stroganoff's going to hatch next, the sweaty 18-49 male demographic is wondering which part of my body is going to sprout next! Now that Queen Amidala, that Hermione skag and the sister from *Spy Kids* have all "hit the wall," I've got about an 8-month window atop the Hollywood Perv Pyramid! I'm too young for *Maxim*, but I'm shooting a very provocative spread for *Nickelodeon* magazine!

I read everything I can get my hands on, except, apparently, this script! Klams Bootylicious here! Only in Hollywood would "reading" count as a weird personality trait! In the books, though, it's the smart way to do business. When you're flogging a 13-book series, it's good salesmanship to suck up to the geeky readers by making the hero a geeky reader, too! Why do you think they call it "losing" yourself in a book?

ICKWIT'S ES OF NTFUL TUNES

Allow me to introduce myself, and introduce myself, and friggin' introduce myself! I am Count Stroganoff. And I won't find true joy until I've eliminated the child heroes with one of my murderous comic plots. Basically I'm Sideshow Bob, but not half as realistic! Why am I always in such a nasty mood? Look at these fingernails! I can't scratch, and I've had the same maddening itch, in a very personal spot, since 1988!

Booga booga! This is me again, only as another character! But you see, the joke is that I'm supposed to be doing a different part, but it comes out the same! Also, I'm playing a bad actor, which means the worse I am, the better I'm really doing! It's like George Bush's "catastrophic success" in Iraq, only without the laughs!

Which brings us to my third tour de farce, as the crusty sea dog Captain Shemp! Anybody remember when Robin Williams played Popeye? I sure hope not! And if you think these characters are annoying, you should have seen the ones we DIDN'T use! Cheswick the flatulent chiropractor, anyone? How about the Japanese Hobo?

The third member of our family is my little sister, Scummy! Only two people in the world can understand the gibberish she's saying, which puts her ahead of Salma Hayek! Scummy has super-teeth which can bite through anything. Well, almost. When she chomped down on my hardcover copy of the Bill Clinton autobiography, she could only make it through to the '94 midterm elections!

Gurble mums blaaaf!*

*I just made a review of this movie in my pull-ups!

I can't believe it! My propane tanks! My bales of hay! My collection of oily rags! All burned to a crisp! How could this have happened?

And now we're in the hands of a guardian whose first official act is to let an infant wander around in an unsafe burned-out ruin. I can't wait to see how he takes care of us next!

Frrzle mnoop!*

I drew a smiley face in the exposed asbestos!

In my opinion, the happiest place for you children is with your Count Stroganoff. I also believe that color-coded terror alerts have kept Osama bin Laden on the run, that Barry Bonds had no idea what was in that mystery cream, and that Ashlee Simpson should do a live album!

Hellllooooo, darling meal tickets. I am your dear, sweet fourth cousin with all shame removed, Count Stroganoff! You will find me cruel but unfair! And I frequently SHOUT! Without warning, and for NO PARTICULAR REASON! I'm like the mutant child of Vince McMahon, Regis Philbin, and Sean Hannity! But as long as you stare quizzically at my oversized gestures and feed me straight lines, we shall get along fine!

I don't care if the Count ordered us to cook dinner. There's no food in this pigsty. And all the ham is in the next room!

Demeaning tasks! Arbitrary rules! Abusive conditions! Treated like an unwanted lump! Just who does he think I am, Colin Powell?

Well, let's make the best of what we've got. If a rat is covered with blue fungus, does he count as a meat or a vegetable?

Klams, Count Stroganoff has locked us in the car on a railroad crossing! We have to open these locked doors! Did you ever read instructions on how to construct a fertilizer bomb? Because I've just crapped my pants!

Excuse me, but could you tell me whether the train will be speeding through this crossing soon?

Ten to one!

That's odd. My clock must be slow!

No, it's a 10-to-1 shot that the train will ever make it this far. This line belongs to Amtrak! The train probably derailed 20 miles ago!



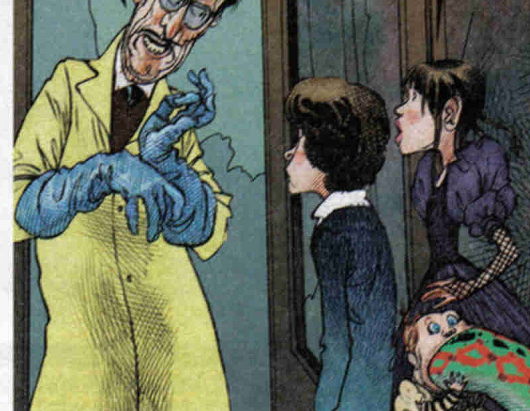
-Greetings, children! I heard about your close call with the train. Thank goodness the train was so broken-down that it shattered when it hit your car! I'm your Uncle Mangy, and I'm a herpetologist. Unpack your bags, and then start packing! We're leaving for Peru! I know what happens to relatives in these nasty stories. And that's why I'm getting my ever-lovin' rump OUT of here!

Don't you feel weird, being the only human surrounded by hundreds of vipers, pythons and boas?

No, I love it! But where are my manners? You must be hungry after your long trip. I'll just slither into the kitchen and constrict my torso around a nice pot roast for you kids!

Greetings, everyone. I'm Stupido, and I'm one of the world's foremost experts on long, skinny, wiggly things!

Snakes? So THAT'S what they're called!



The deadly venom that killed Mangy came from a snake! He's got more fresh pinholes in his skin than the band Velvet Revolver amusing themselves during a plane delay!

The victim lived happily for 60 years, constantly surrounded by his snakes. Then he died, 3 hours after a total stranger showed up! Which leads to one question: Mr. Stupido, did you notice anything suspicious?

I haven't seen such a clueless police investigation since the last 30 high-profile cases on Court TV! What are you even doing here?

This is supposed to be a "black comedy." I figured it should have one black person!



And so the Bootylicious orphans were shuttled to their next hellhole, with their distant relative, Aunt Jehosephat! She suffered from a rare condition called phobiaphobia! Even the most common of objects terrified her. She hadn't gone to the bathroom in eight years, for fear that the toilet paper might spontaneously combust!

I don't know why I'm so nervous. Except for my husband being eaten by leeches, my relative's house being incinerated by a long-distance eyeball ray, my secret society being under attack, and living in a rickety house on 500-foot-tall stilts, my life's been going pretty smooth! But I have to stop talking now. I'm worried that my tongue muscles might suddenly rip loose and start flopping around!

Aunt Jehosephat, how did you become such a paranoid fearmonger?

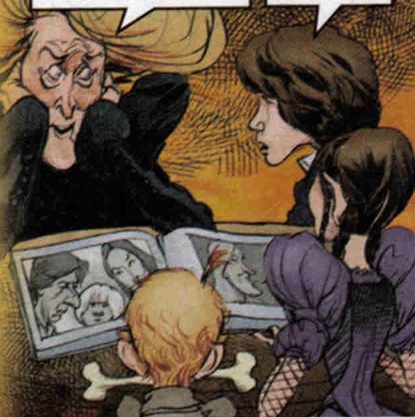
Easy! I worked at the Department of Homeland Security!



Although no traces of her earlier happiness remained, Aunt Jehosephat was once a vibrant woman who derived great personal satisfaction from her work. That first night with the Bootylicious orphans, she shared these fading memories with the unfortunate trio!

And here I am in *Kramer Vs. Kramer*. This is me in *The Hours*. Here I am being hailed for *Sophie's Choice*. Sob!

I see why you're so miserable here now!

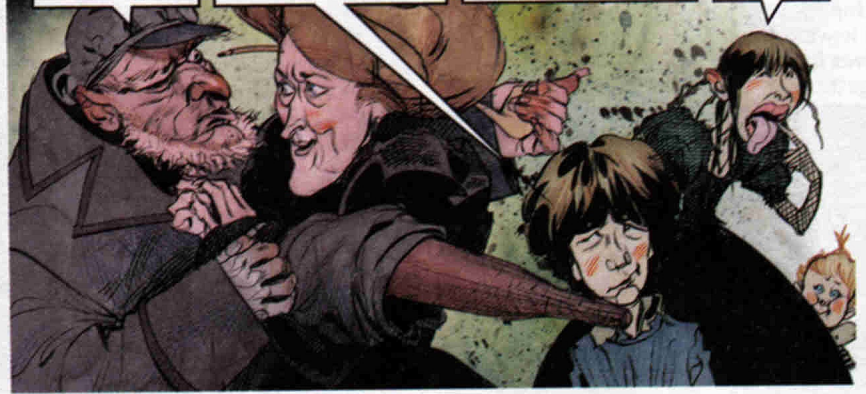


Nice aft! And yer pieces of eight ain't half bad, neither! I'd swab yer decks anytime, me beauty!

I can't believe our Aunt is so desperate for companionship that she's falling for Count Stroganoff's cheesy sailor act!

I'll clap ye in irons tonight when you visits me quarters! Wait until ye straddle my mizzenmast! You land ho! Have ye ever done it scurvy dog style?

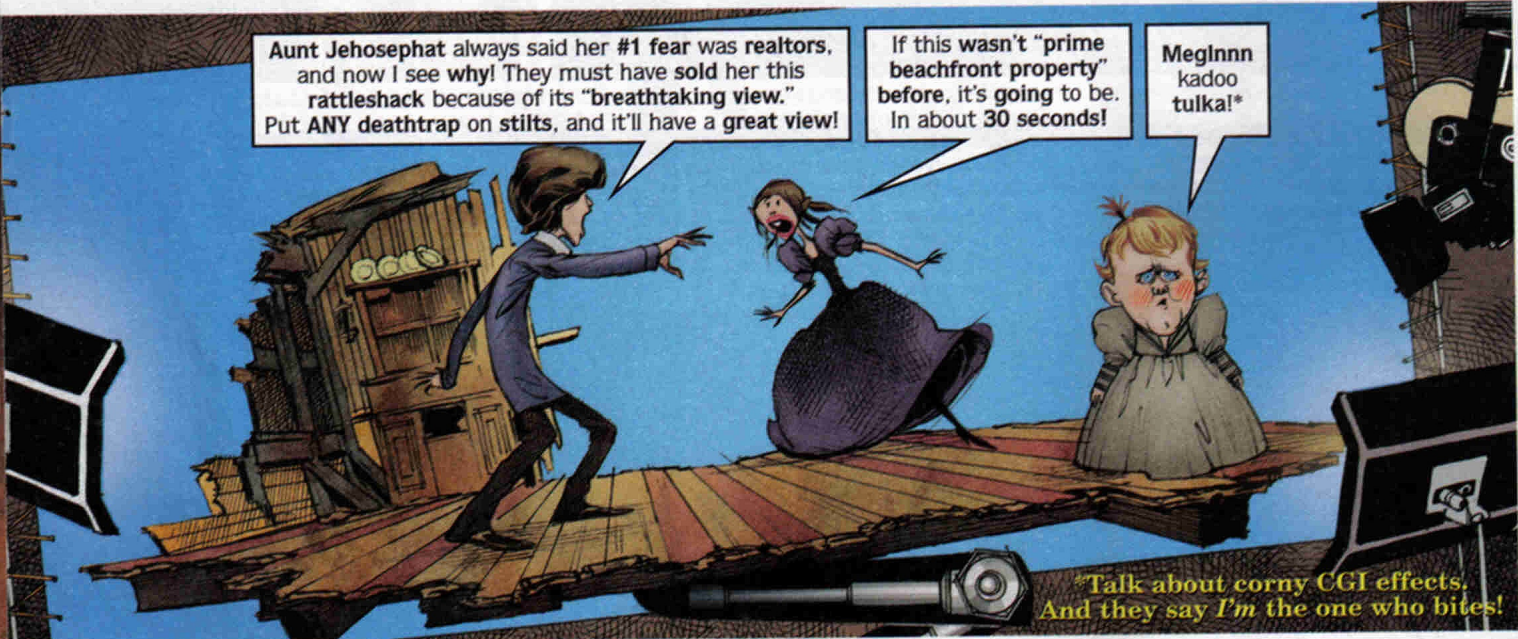
Ewww! Is that a vibrating pegleg? I'm so out of here!



Aunt Jehosephat always said her #1 fear was realtors, and now I see why! They must have sold her this rattleshack because of its "breathtaking view." Put ANY deathtrap on stilts, and it'll have a great view!

If this wasn't "prime beachfront property" before, it's going to be. In about 30 seconds!

Meglnnn kadoo tulka!*



*Talk about corny CGI effects. And they say I'm the one who bites!

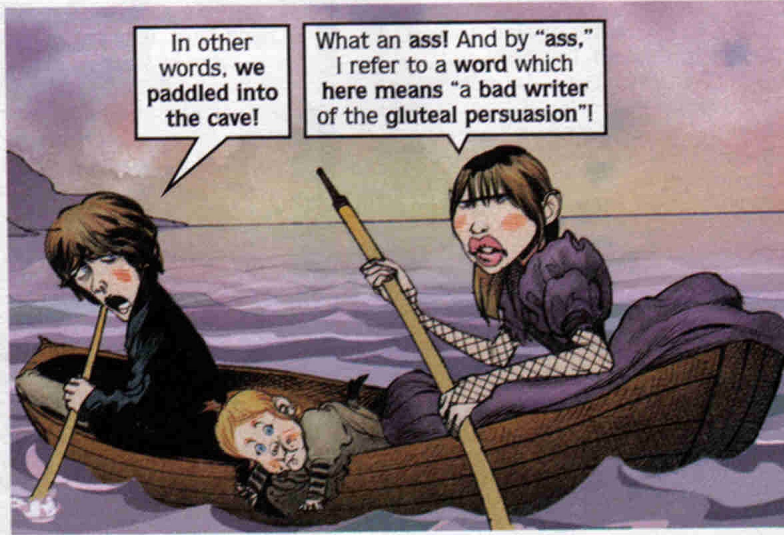
Nothing would bring me greater satisfaction than to report that things were going well for the kids. Yes, I would love to write words as simple as that. But there are two problems with those simple words. One, they are untrue! And more importantly, if I ever drop this "overwritten purple prose" gimmick, even our most easily-amused fans will figure out that these stories have no characters, no suspense, no development, and a formula more set than Coca-Cola's!



Therefore, I am disagreeably obliged to opine at this timorous juncture that the Bootylicious orphans had resolved themselves to their current eddy of deteriorating circumstance, as they gamely spelunked towards their most locally situated relative of the female persuasion!

In other words, we paddled into the cave!

What an ass! And by "ass," I refer to a word which here means "a bad writer of the gluteal persuasion"!



Look out! Two water leeches have gotten into the canoe! They're attacking Violet's face!

No, those are just my lips!

Yeeee!!! I haven't been surrounded by this many bloodsuckers since I switched agents!

Well, that's the end for Mom, Dad, Uncle Mangy and now Aunt Jehosephat! Which really streamlines our Christmas card list this year!

If you wish to save your sister's life, you'll agree to my terms. I've got an unsuspecting audience as witnesses. I've hired a real minister. And we'll be entering into a phony, loveless marriage that's legal and binding. Damn! If only I were a midget, we could sell this premise to Fox!

Audience! I've solved the mystery of who started the fire! And get ready for a shocker. It was the only bad guy in this movie, Count Stroganoff! It took me a while to decide between him and the animated elf from the opening cartoon, but I finally guessed right!

Adieu, suckers! "I believe I can flyyyyy... I believe I can touch the sky!"

An R. Kelly song! Now I understand where Count Stroganoff got the idea to marry a 14-year-old girl!

Well, I'm ready to move back home. This place couldn't be any worse for our health than any of our relatives' homes! Hey, look! A letter from our dead parents!

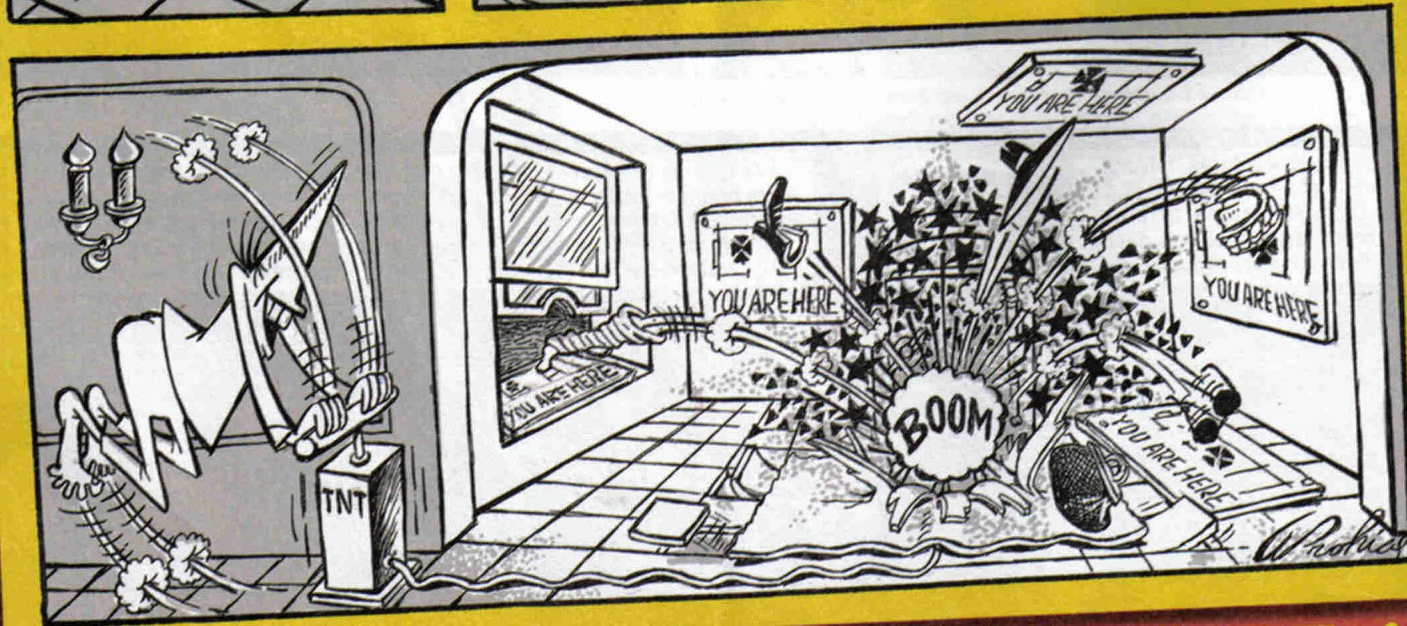
It's not a letter. It's a subpoena! "Repetitive, episodic story structure... murder attempts that leave the victim unscathed...obvious disguises intended to be detected immediately... elaborate contraptions... supporting characters with a single obsessive behavioral trait..."

The defendants, having been found guilty of plagiarism, are hereby ordered to cease and desist. Full damages are awarded!

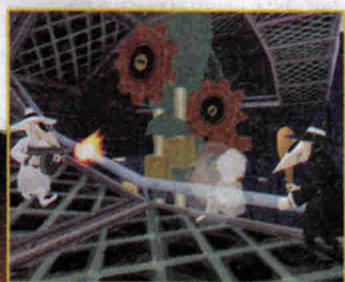
Nyeehhhh, ain't I a stinker?

And here we must take leave from our tale of woe, nevermore to return, unless this puppy grosses over 130 million domestic!

I'm just glad I got away scot-free! Have you ever seen a photo of the guy who writes these books? Dude's got a head like a candied yam! And they hire ME, Jude Law, to play this shlub in the movie? Talk about fraud!



SPY VS SPY™



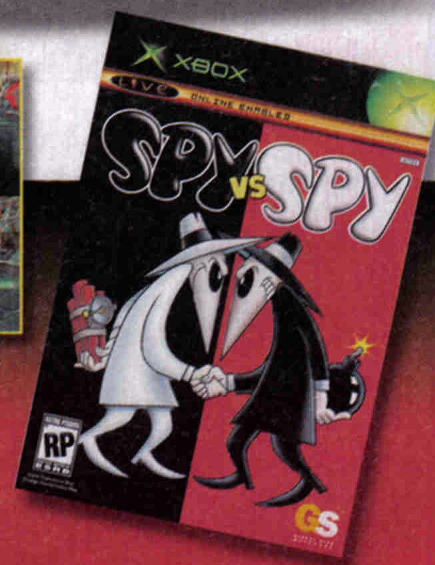
Weapons of crass
destruction!



Diabolical traps
and hazards!



Up to 4-Player
madcap mayhem!



www.spyvsspygame.com



Visit www.esrb.org
for updated rating
information.

© 2005 Take-Two Interactive Software, Inc. Global Star Software, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Take-Two Interactive Software, Inc. Global Star Software, the Global Star Software logo, Take-Two Interactive Software and the A Take Two Company logo are all trademarks of Take-Two Interactive Software, Inc. The MAD logo, Spy vs. Spy and all related characters, names and elements are trademarks of E.G. Publications, Inc. © 2005 All rights reserved. Developed by Vicious Cycle Software, Inc. Some elements © 2005 Vicious Cycle Software, Inc. Microsoft, Xbox, Xbox Live, the Live Logo and the Xbox Logos are registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries and are used under license from Microsoft. The ratings icon is a registered trademark of the Interactive Digital Software Association. All other trademarks are property of their respective owners.



MAD



Global Star Software, Inc., 622 Broadway, New York, NY 10012



Since the death penalty was reinstated in America in 1977, hundreds of condemned prisoners have been executed and hundreds more await their ultimate fate. Arguments against the death penalty have ranged from its inherent immorality to the fact that it's applied capriciously. Clearly, it's time to re-examine this issue with a fresh eye. And who better than MAD, a magazine that proudly counts among its readers many death row inmates*, to cast this fresh eye with the sensitivity the topic deserves. Please reflect and consider...

8 SOLID OF THE

1

With electricity rates soaring, the electric chair places a heavy financial burden on cash-strapped states that choose to fry their convicted killers.



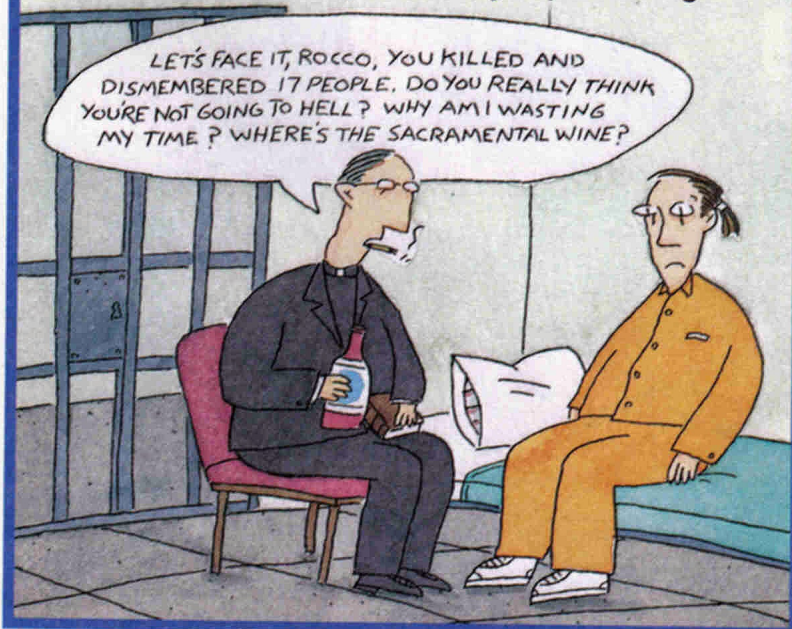
2

It costs tens of thousands of taxpayers' dollars to incarcerate these dead-men-walking as they file legal appeal after appeal after appeal.



5

Shamefully, the last rites received by cold-blooded killers on death row are often just not up to the same standard as the last rites everyone else gets. That's just plain wrong.



6

Many death row inmates choose to waste college professors' valuable time by earning one or more degrees, even though they're going to wind up deader than a carp.



REASONS TO GET RID OF DEATH PENALTY

3

Death row inmates frequently pick up pointless hobbies while waiting to be executed. This can be extremely annoying to the already stressed-out prison guards watching over these corpses-to-be.



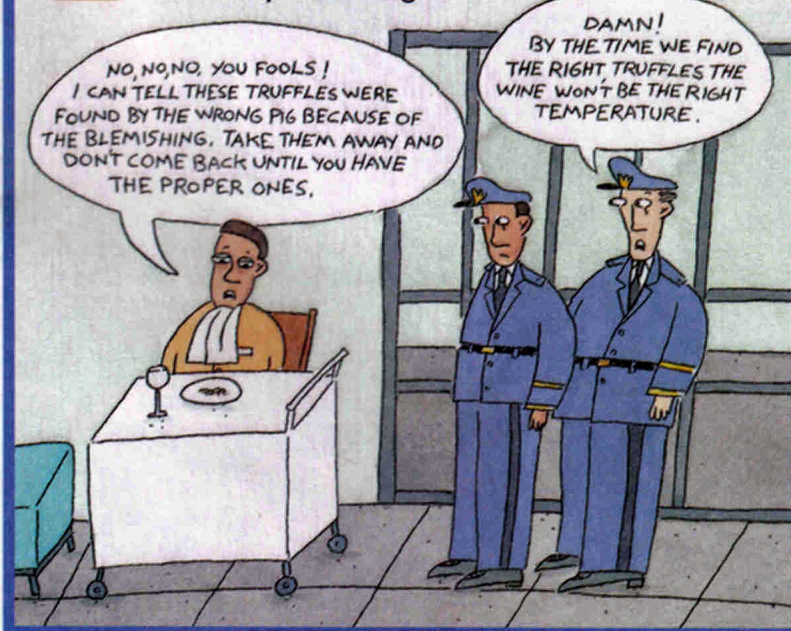
4

The lack of Federal standards regarding what kind of gas may be used in offing the creep is tantamount to cruel and unusual punishment.



7

Outlandish last meal requests made by the condemned inmate before Mr. Needle sends him to eternal sleepy-land can push the prison waaaaaay over budget.



8

Reporters and authors invariably want to interview death row inmates about their gruesome killing sprees. This makes the non-death row inmates jealous.



ALL BETS ARE AWFUL DEPT.

A **MAD** PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT *Celebrity* **POKER** SHOWDOWN

Some of these celebrities
don't play poker very
well! They're depending
on luck over skill!

I'm not surprised.
That's how most of
them became celebrities
in the first place!

Matthew Perry is playing for the
Make-A-Wish Foundation. Tony
Hawk is playing for the ASPCA.
And since she hasn't had a hit
since *American Pie*, Shannon
Elizabeth is playing for the
Shannon Elizabeth Mortgage Fund!

I'd like to welcome everyone to
another taping of *Celebrity Poker
Showdown*! It's a good alternative
for viewers who can't take the
nervous excitement of *Lingo* reruns
on the Game Show Network!

The director on this
show is great! He
catches every turn of
the cards, every player's
reaction, every bet!

Yeah! Where did he
get his experience?
Game shows?
Sports broadcasts?

Neither!
He used to run
the surveillance
security cameras at
the Golden Nugget!

Shouldn't we be
concerned that young
people will see celebrities
gambling and think it's
cool to imitate them?

I wouldn't be too worried.
Celebrities have been telling
young people how to vote
for years and they haven't
been imitating that!

21!
WOO HOO!!

A **MAD** PEEK
BEHIND THE SCENES
AT
Celebrity
POKER
SHOWDOWN

A lot of these celebs have excellent poker faces. No expression at all!

Yeah, they really know how to act!

Actually, I think it's the Botox!

Where's Sharon Stone? She hasn't come back from the break yet.

She's such a diva, she's locked herself in her dressing room and refuses to come out unless she's guaranteed better terms! She's demanding a three-picture card deal in every hand!

Wow! Cheryl Hines is going all in with just a six-three off suit. You really have to admire her bold, aggressive play!

Yeah, when you're a rich celebrity with crappy cards it takes a lot of guts to gamble fake money while playing for a charity that gets paid whether you win or lose!

Tom Green's got a 6% chance of drawing the straight. He also has a 15% shot at getting two pair. And he has a 0.01% chance of ever working again in show biz!

What skill!
What genius!
What deception!

Which player are you talking about?

Not a player, our editing crew! They make this game seem fast-paced and exciting!

Star Jones! Tom Green! Jeff Garlin! Andy Richter! Ricki Lake! Kathy Najimy!...isn't this great?

Mostly, I'm happy this isn't strip poker!



He better
know when to
walk away and
know when to run.
Ante up, it's...

MONROE

and...

TEXAS HOLD 'EM

WHAT'S ON?

IT'S THE TEXAS HOLD 'EM QUASI-CELEBRITY SEMI-CHAMPIONSHIP PRO-AM.

POKER! EXCELLENT!

WELCOME BACK, DON KING REMAINS IN THE CHIP LEAD FOLLOWED BY KAYE BALLARD AND DUKE "SWEAT STAIN" HARRIS.

MAN, THE GUY LOOKS LIKE A SWAMP IN SUNGLASSES, BUT WATCH HIM WORK.

HE'S DONE IT! KAYE AND DON HAVE FOLDED!

I THINK THEY JUST DIDN'T WANT TO TOUCH THOSE SWEAT-DRENCHED CHIPS. YUCK!

HE BEAT 'EM WITH PIT JUICE. THAT'S GOOD POKER.

SOMEONE SAY "POKER"? DEAL ME IN! COURSE, I'D PREFER THE STRIP VARIETY. CHA CHA CHA!

STRIP? WHAT THE HELL YOU LOOKING AT ME FOR?

I AIN'T! IT'S MY LAZY EYE.

WHY DON'T YOU GET A GAME UP, KID?

YOU REALLY THINK I COULD BE A GOOD POKER PLAYER?

PROBABLY NOT, BUT IT DOES OPEN UP YOUR OPTIONS. SEE "SWEAT STAIN" HARRIS?

YEAH.

SEE THOSE GIRLS ALL OVER HIM?

YEAH... I MEAN. YEAH!! DEAL ME IN!

OKAY, WE NEED SOME DECENT PLAYERS TO GET THE COMPETITIVE JUICES FLOWING.

WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE FELLAS YOU USED TO PLAY WITH?

NO CAN DO! ME AND JOEY NO-NECK HAD A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

WOW, I'M IN SOME HOLE, JOEY. I BETTER STRETCH MY LEGS.

SURE THING, PAL...

WHU--?

...SEE 'CAUSE JOEY NO-NECK COULDN'T TURN HIS HEAD...



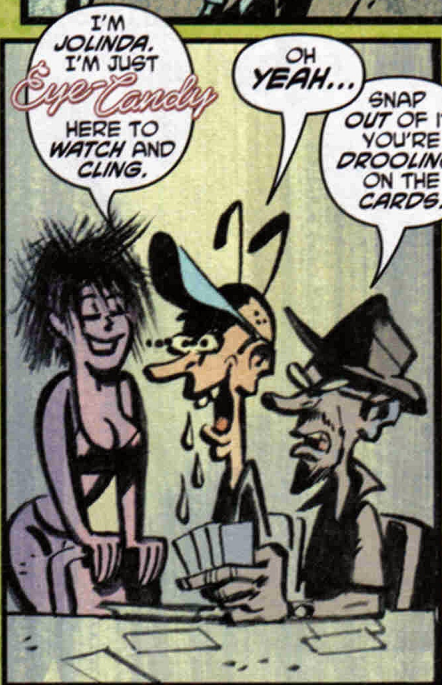
THE NEXT DAY...

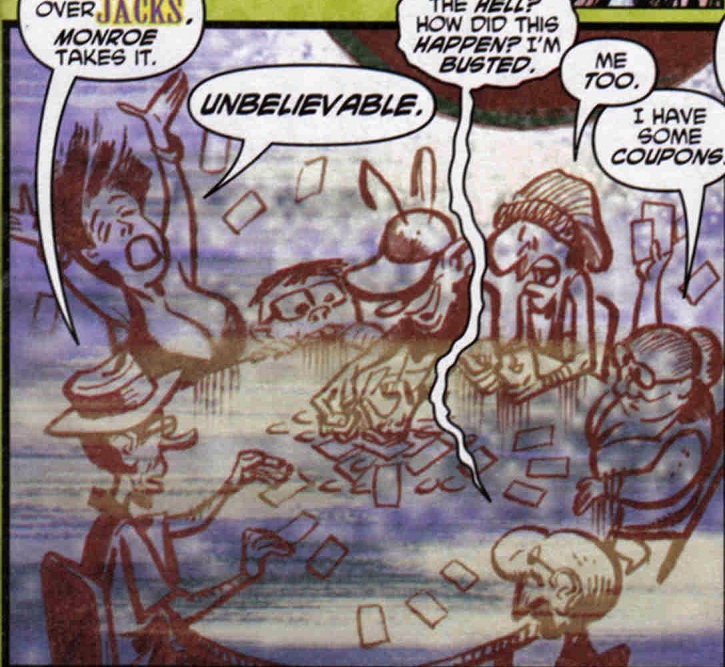


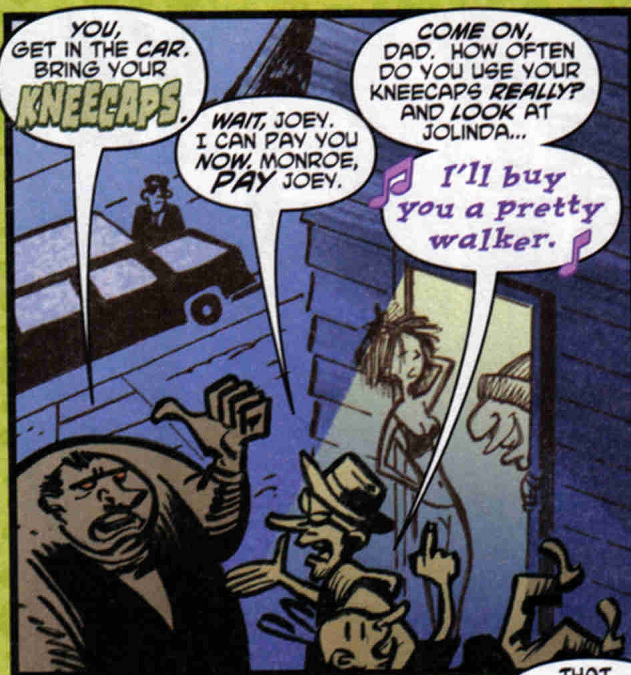
NO, THAT WAS TOTALLY '04. THIS YEAR IT'S ALL ABOUT **TEXAS HOLD 'EM!**



MY FAVORITE IS **INFAMOUS POKER GAMES** ON THE HISTORY CHANNEL FEATURING HITLER, RICHARD SPECK AND CHARLES MANSON.









The first movie in this series, *Meet The Parents*, set the comedy bar low. That made it tough to produce the sequel — the bar was so low, no one thought a new script would fit under it, but unfortunately they were wrong! Here's...

Repeat the FOCK-UPS

Mom, dad, I'd like you to meet the **Burned family!** Mr. Burned is the one with just the **single breast**. Mrs. Burned is the one with **two breasts!**

I could **kvell** I'm so happy to meet you! Goyim or not, this is going to be a **wonderful weekend!** We just met, and already we're talking about **breasts!** Where are my **manners?** Would you folks like a **nosh?**

You'll have to **excuse** my wife, Razz. She's a little **meshuggeneh!** Oy, what am I saying? She's a **lot meshuggeneh!**...Okay, I think we've done **enough** hilarious Yiddish expressions masquerading as **jokes** for now! We have to save **some** for when the picture starts to **bog down!**

Wake up, **Beanie!** The picture **bogged down** before the **credits finished!** And trust me, there aren't enough expressions in the Yiddish dictionary to save **this** movie!

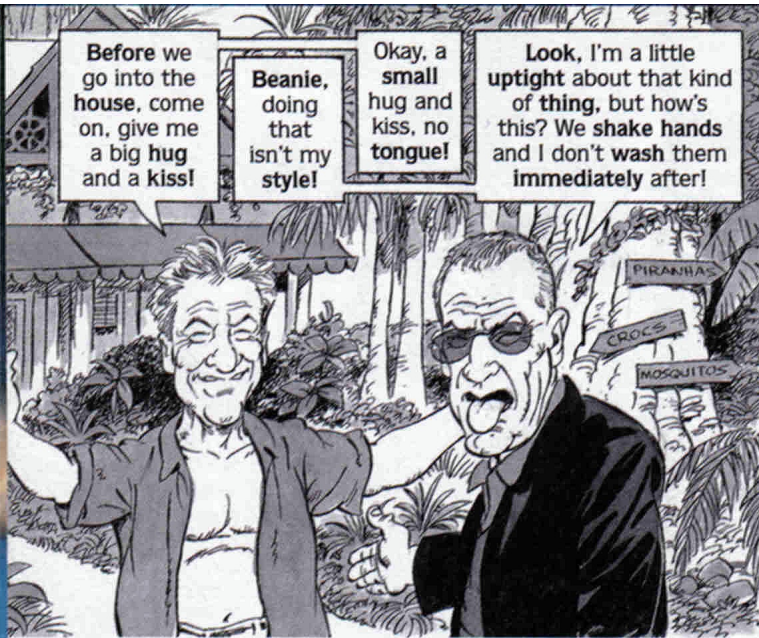


Nice to finally meet you, **father and mother Fock-up!** And your cute little dog! We have a cat — and he's **toilet trained!**

Yeah, I'm trained to flush **stupid dogs** down the **toilet!** Trust me, **doggy**, I'm doing you a favor by **flushing** you! Now you won't have to be in the rest of the **film!**

Jerk, look! The baby's picked up a brand new **gesture** all by himself! He's holding his **nose**. I guess that means he needs his **diaper changed!**

Diaper changed? I'm holding my nose because the **dialogue** needs to be **changed!** Phew! It stinks!



Before we go into the house, come on, give me a big hug and a kiss!

Beanie, doing that isn't my style!

Okay, a small hug and kiss, no tongue!

Look, I'm a little uptight about that kind of thing, but how's this? We shake hands and I don't wash them immediately after!

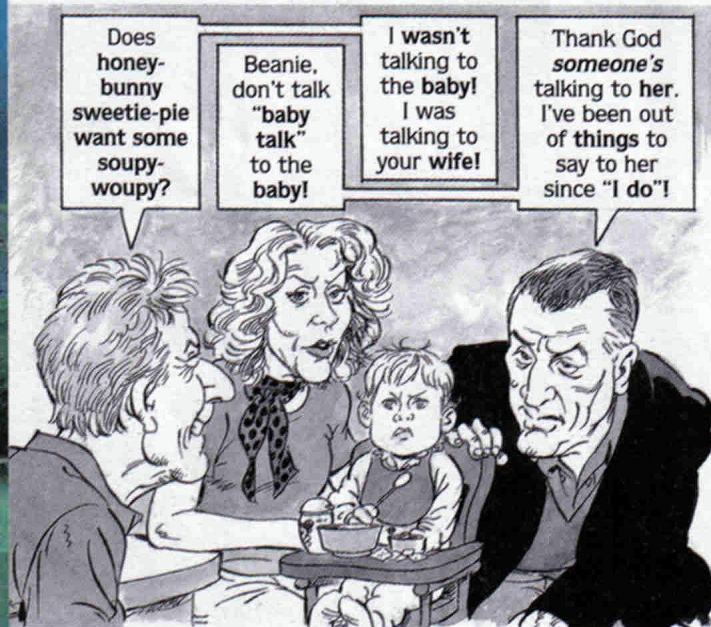


Before we show you around the house, we have a slogan that helps us conserve water when it comes to using the toilet!

"If its yellow, let it mellow. If it's brown, flush it down!"

My husband made up a slogan about the way you two talk...

"If it's clean, skip that scene. If it's vile, it'll get a smile!"



Does honey-bunny sweetie-pie want some soupy-woupy?

Beanie, don't talk "baby talk" to the baby!

I wasn't talking to the baby! I was talking to your wife!

Thank God *someone's* talking to her. I've been out of things to say to her since "I do"!



I guess we're so proud of Gag because he's our only child!

Only child? Gag, you said you had a sister! You said you milked her cat! You lied!

Big deal! I did that for the sake of a bad joke in the first movie. For the sake of a bad joke in *this* movie, I'd admit that my grandparents were really black!

Are your grandparents really black, Gag?

They *might* be! Do you have a good joke?



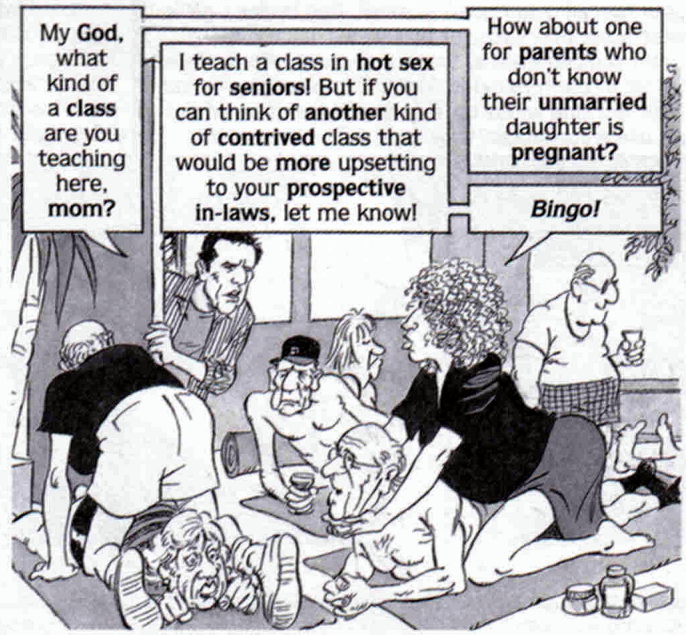
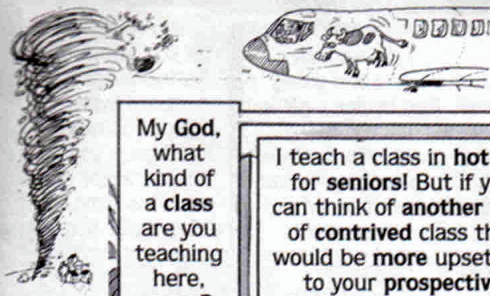
This is our former maid. We brought her in to help with the food and embarrass Gag about his young sexual experiences with her!

I was a good maid. First I made the bed. Then I made Gag. Then I made the bed again!

Please don't get any meshuggeneh ideas. They didn't sleep together until Gag was 12!

He slept with us until he started sleeping with her. He never slept alone his entire life! It was *wonderful*, though that did make his days in Boy Scout camp a topic of conversation in the neighborhood!



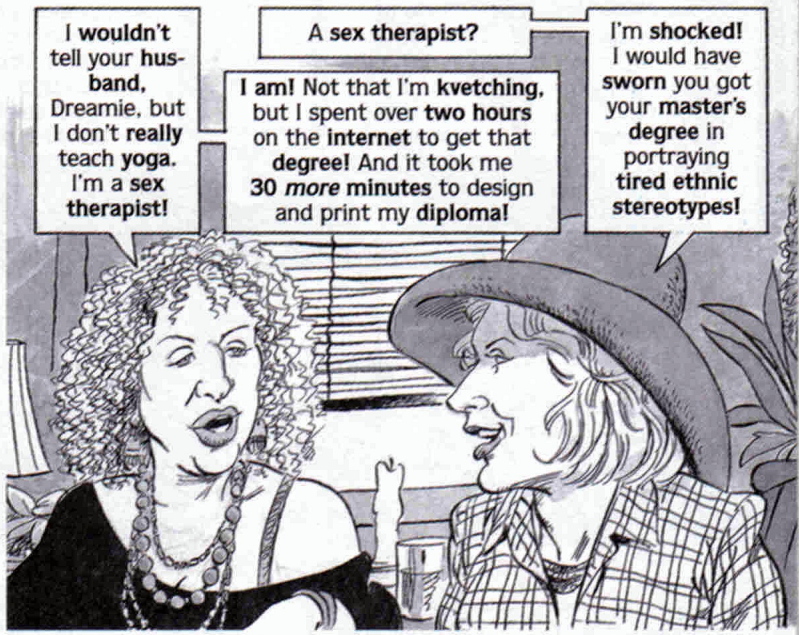


My God, what kind of a class are you teaching here, mom?

I teach a class in **hot sex** for seniors! But if you can think of **another** kind of **contrived** class that would be **more** upsetting to your **prospective in-laws**, let me know!

How about one for **parents** who don't know their **unmarried** daughter is **pregnant**?

Bingo!

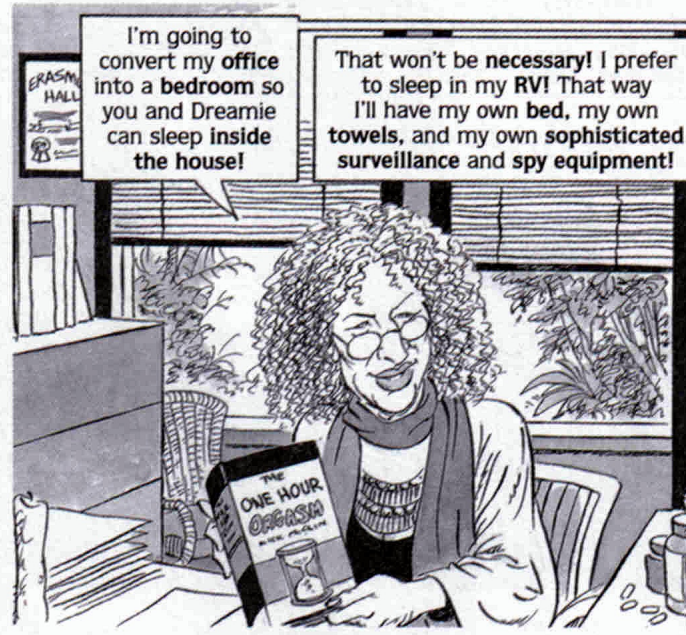


I wouldn't tell your **husband**, Dreamie, but I don't really teach **yoga**. I'm a **sex therapist**!

A **sex therapist**?

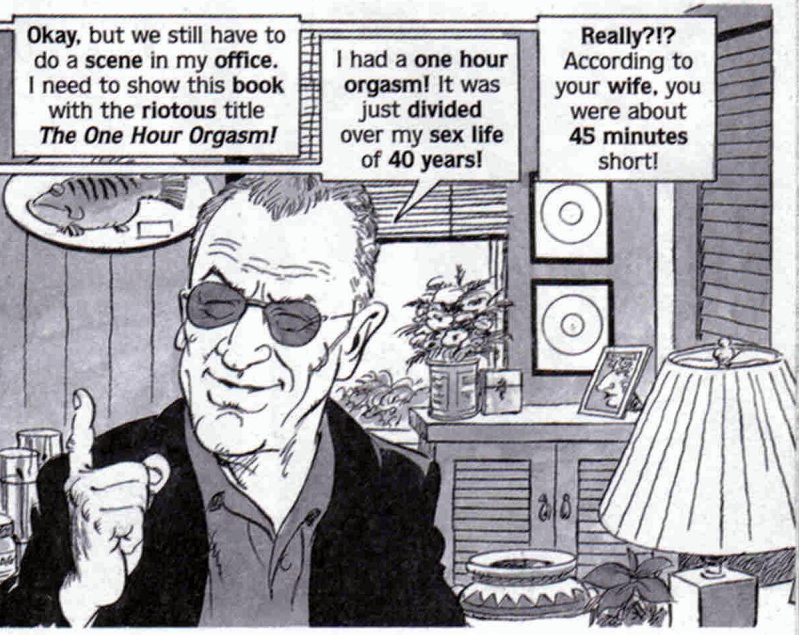
I **am**! Not that I'm **kvetching**, but I spent over **two hours** on the **internet** to get that **degree**! And it took me **30 more minutes** to design and print my **diploma**!

I'm **shocked**! I would have **sworn** you got your **master's degree** in portraying **tired ethnic stereotypes**!



I'm going to convert my **office** into a **bedroom** so you and Dreamie can sleep inside the **house**!

That won't be **necessary**! I prefer to sleep in my **RV**! That way I'll have my own **bed**, my own **towels**, and my own **sophisticated surveillance and spy equipment**!



Okay, but we still have to do a **scene** in my **office**. I need to show this **book** with the **riotous** title **The One Hour Orgasm**!

I had a **one hour orgasm**! It was just divided over my **sex life** of **40 years**!

Really?!? According to your **wife**, you were about **45 minutes** short!



I'm taking my **motor home** into town. But before I go, I'm setting up my **miniature lipstick camera** so I can catch **Gag** screwing up with the **baby** and teaching him **foul language**!

A **lipstick camera**! When are you going to stop with your old **CIA tricks**?

What **CIA** tricks? I got the **lipstick camera** idea from watching **hours** of **Celebrity Poker Showdown**!



What do you say we go out in the **backyard** and play a little **football** — the **Jewish Liberals** versus the **Conservative Christians**!

Only on one **condition**: you have to **promise** to get **hurt**! I mean, what is more **original** and **riotous** than a guy **hunched over** from **back pain** after some **backyard horsing-around**?

A **song** cue if ever I heard one!

People, People who hurt people, Are the funniest people in the world!

You know what this means, don't you?

Who doesn't? It's your damned Circle of Trust!

I think it's more like the Circle of Repetition! As in doing the same routine over and over again!

Circle of Repetition? What are you talking about?

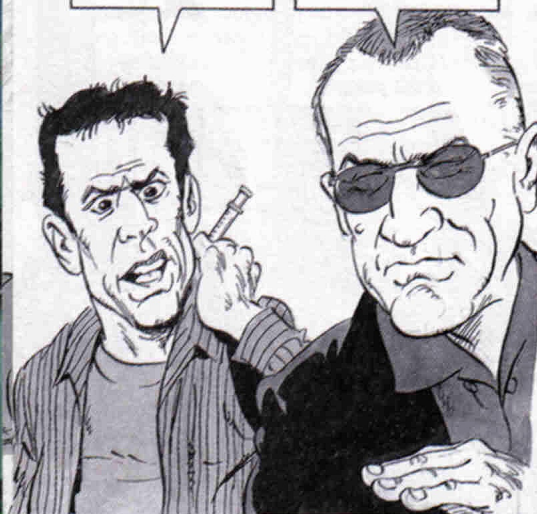
Look at you. In *Too Meek for the Parents*, you used your CIA contacts to investigate Gag. Now you're suspicious and are using the CIA to investigate him all over again! In *Meek*, Gag broke a girl's nose playing water polo, now I almost broke your back playing football! In *Meek*, your mother's ashes wound up on the floor. Here, Gag's foreskin winds up in the fondue! In *Meek*, Gag painted your cat a different color. Now, our dog winds up Tidy Bowl blue! The writers of this flick didn't use a computer, they used a Xerox machine!

You're right. So you shouldn't be too surprised about what happens next. In *Meek*, I used a lie detector on Gag. This time, I'm using truth serum



I can't believe it! You injected me with sodium pentothal, the truth serum?!?

Big deal! Now calm down! Be like the baby. Learn the art of self-soothing!



The truth serum is kicking in! I can't control what I'm saying!...What is with my career? I made two Focker movies where my family name is one vowel away from an obscenity! And two light years away from being entertaining! But I've been in some big hits! *There's Something About Mary*, and — okay, so I've been in a hit. And a few bombs. *Dodgeball*, *Along Came Polly*, *Starsky & Hutch*, *Envy*, *Duplex*...oh, my God, I've sure made a lot of drek! I have to save my career! I know! I have the perfect idea...



I'd like you to meet the grandparent Fock-ups.

Gag, you cute little pischer!

Is it asking too much to give an old Jew a chair to sit down on?

Joan Rivers and Jackie Mason? Oy vey! Here we go again!





When Walter Cronkite bid farewell to the evening news, he left his post as "the most trusted man in America." 24 years later, the nicest thing you can say about Dan Rather is that he never punched his microphone. Other news legends get to walk away on top. Dan gets a "KICK ME" sign from some blogging shut-in named "FreepSquad3234."

DAN RATHER'S FINA

As many of you know, this is my **final broadcast** as **anchor** of the **CBS Evening News**. And I would be **remiss** if I didn't make a **farewell statement** of some kind. Like those ugly **Christmas decorations** you got from **Aunt Gladys**, you have to know **when to hang 'em up**. And as the **man said** when he **cut off the armadillo's tail**, it won't be **long now**.

I've been **associated** with **CBS News** since **1962**. The **network** of such **giants** as **Ed Murrow**, **Fred Friendly**, **Walter Cronkite** and an **invisible termite** that **only I** could **see**, named **Joopy**. I'm not **ashamed** to say my **eyes** were **wider** than a **mama cow** getting her **udder tangled** on the **electric fence**.

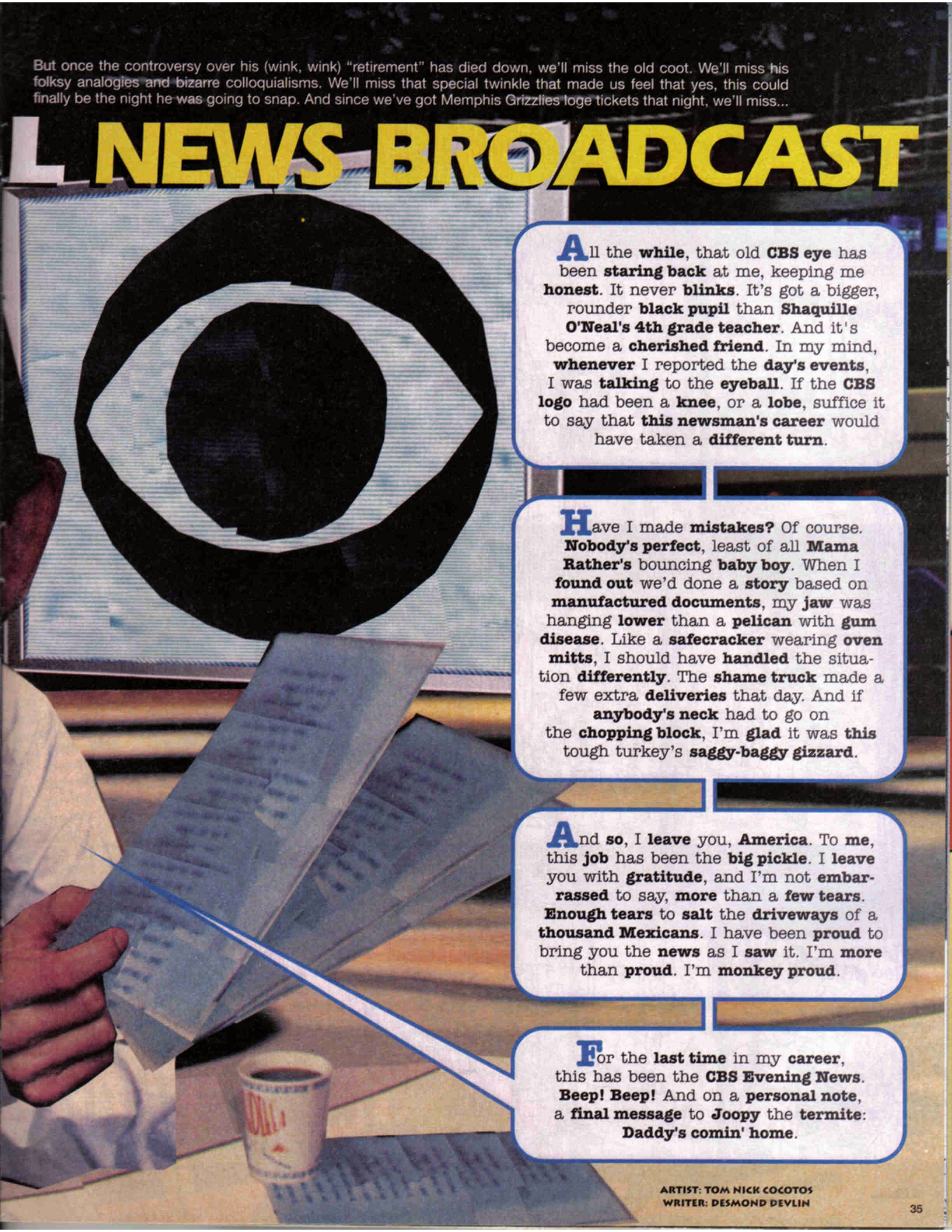
It seems like only **yesterday** that I **first** joined **CBS**. My **feet** were as **wet** as a **salmon** with a **urinary tract infection**. And here I am, **ready** to **step out** of the **buggy** and hand the **reins** to a new **trail jockey**. I do this with some **reluctance**. **Network politics** can be **cold** — as **cold** as a couple of **penguins** in **marriage counselling**. One minute they're handing you the **gold watch**, the **next** they're giving you the **brass enema**.

My time has rolled by **faster** than the **meter** in an **Azerbaijani taxicab**. And I've **learned much** during my **tenure**. This **newsman's heart** is like a **newborn baby's head**: open to **new ideas**, yet with a **soft spot** big enough to stick **both thumbs** into.



But once the controversy over his (wink, wink) "retirement" has died down, we'll miss the old coot. We'll miss his folksy analogies and bizarre colloquialisms. We'll miss that special twinkle that made us feel that yes, this could finally be the night he was going to snap. And since we've got Memphis Grizzlies loge tickets that night, we'll miss...

L NEWS BROADCAST



All the **while**, that old **CBS eye** has been **staring back** at me, keeping me **honest**. It never **blinks**. It's got a bigger, rounder **black pupil** than **Shaquille O'Neal's 4th grade teacher**. And it's become a **cherished friend**. In my mind, **whenever** I reported the **day's events**, I was **talking** to the **eyeball**. If the **CBS logo** had been a **knee**, or a **lobe**, suffice it to say that **this newsman's career** would have taken a **different turn**.

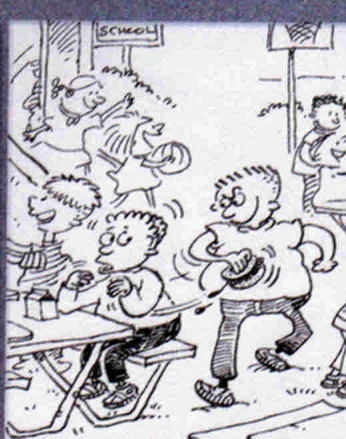
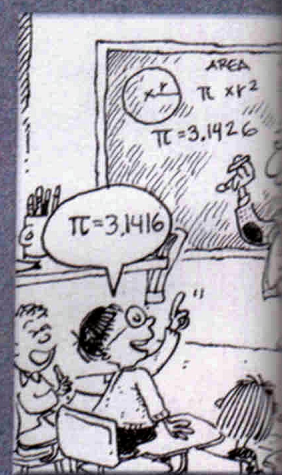
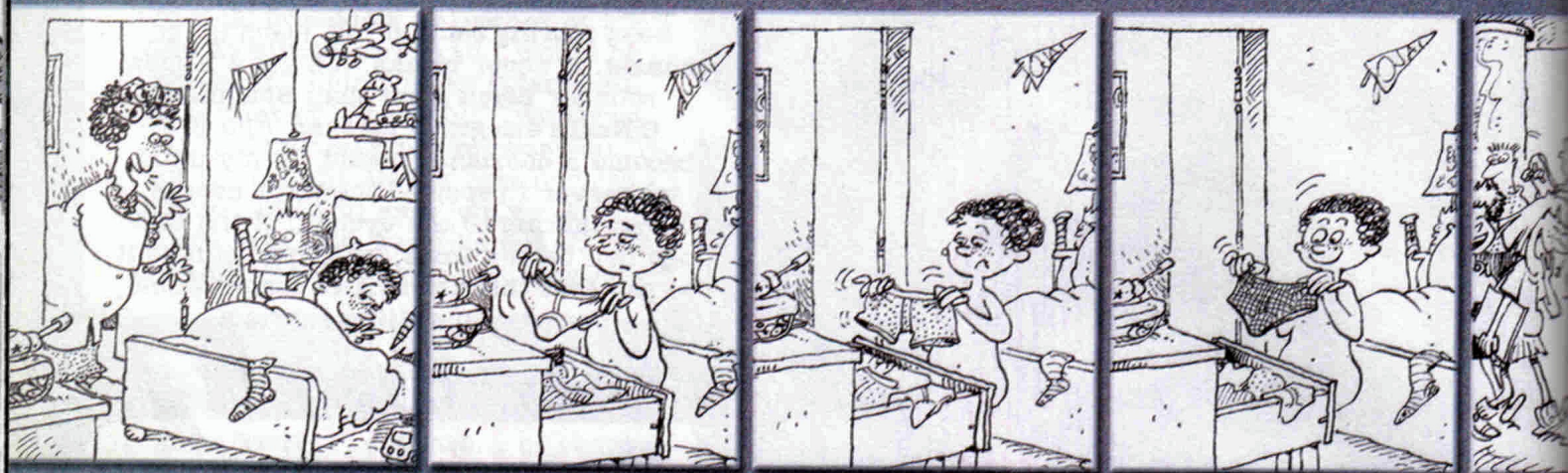
Have I made **mistakes**? Of course. **Nobody's perfect**, least of all **Mama Rather's bouncing baby boy**. When I **found out** we'd done a **story** based on **manufactured documents**, my **jaw** was hanging **lower** than a **pelican** with **gum disease**. Like a **safecracker** wearing **oven mitts**, I should have **handled** the situation **differently**. The **shame truck** made a few extra **deliveries** that day. And if **anybody's neck** had to go on the **chopping block**, I'm **glad** it was **this** tough turkey's **saggy-baggy gizzard**.

And **so**, I **leave** you, **America**. To me, this **job** has been the **big pickle**. I **leave** you with **gratitude**, and I'm not **embarrassed** to say, **more** than a **few tears**. **Enough tears** to **salt** the **driveways** of a **thousand Mexicans**. I have been **proud** to bring you the **news** as I **saw** it. I'm **more** than **proud**. I'm **monkey proud**.

For the **last time** in my **career**, this has been the **CBS Evening News**. **Beep! Beep!** And on a **personal note**, a **final message** to **Joopy the termite**: **Daddy's comin' home**.

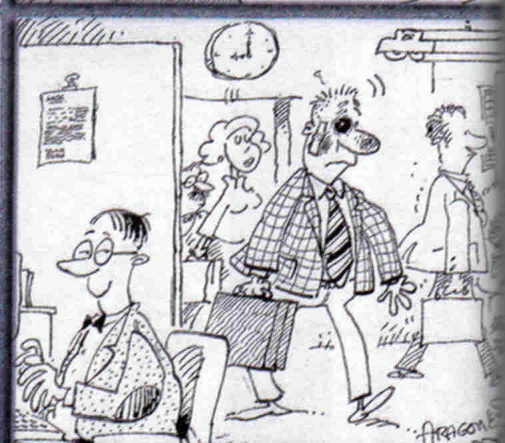
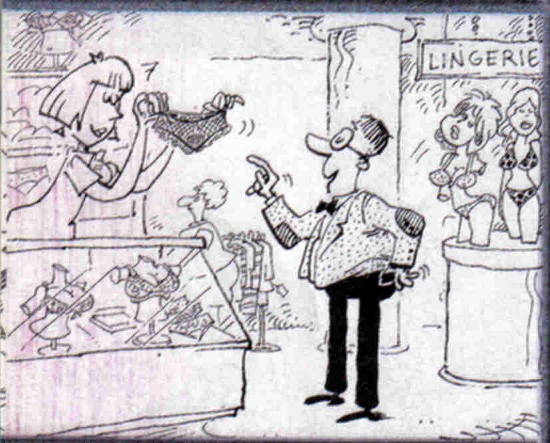
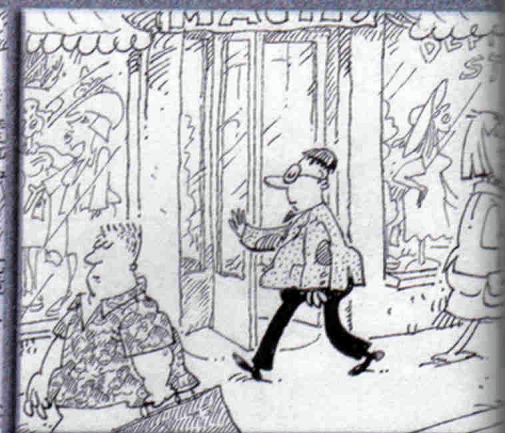
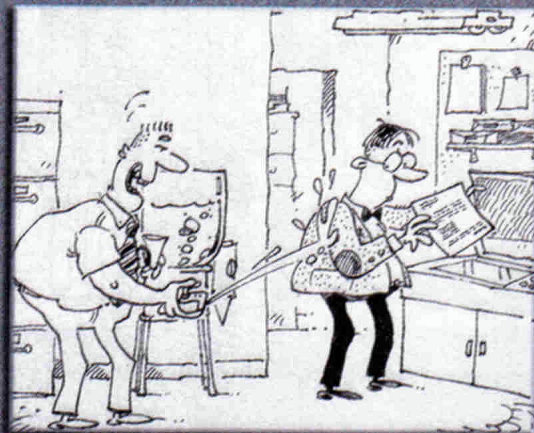
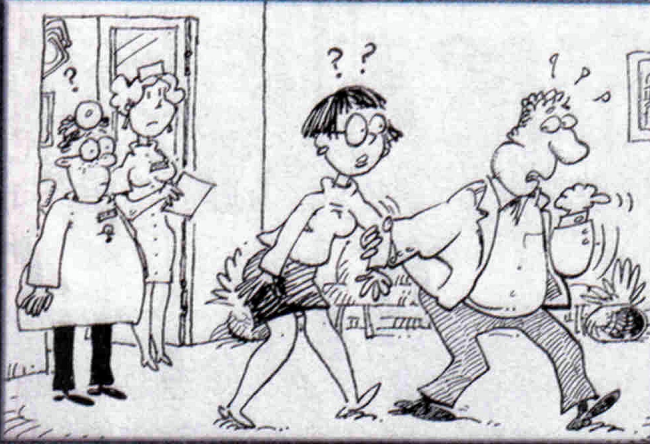
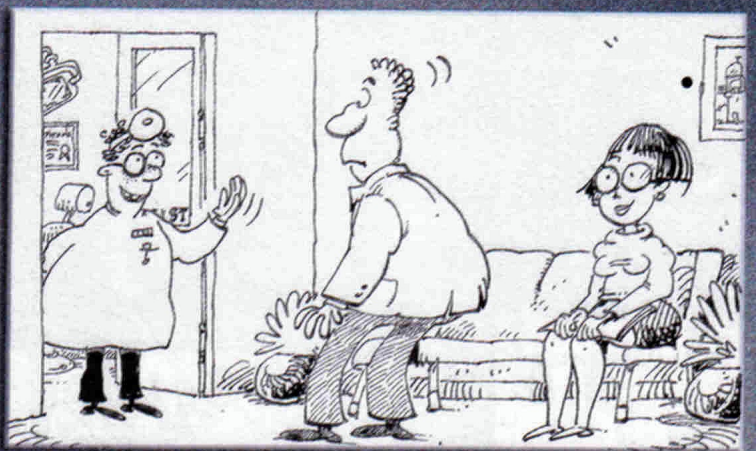
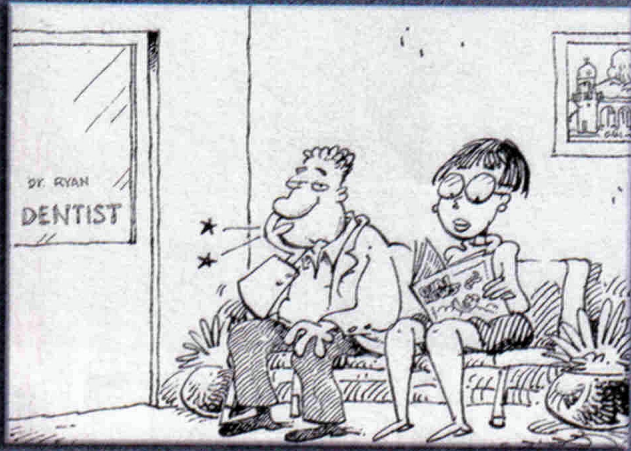


sergio Aragonés presents a MAD Look



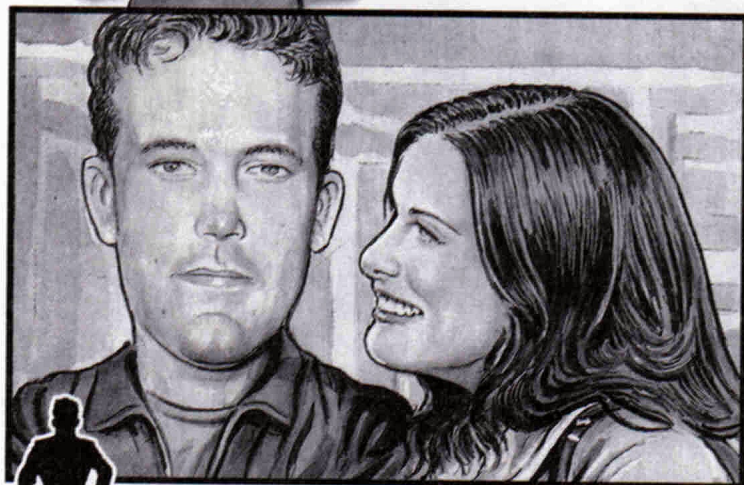
at BULLIES







Hi, I'm Ben Affleck, movie star and poker champ! It's not a coincidence that a great actor like me is also a great poker player. In fact, it's my amazing acting skills that allow me to keep a poker face that no opponent can read! And now you too can master this subtle art and win big at any casino, thanks to my new DVD...



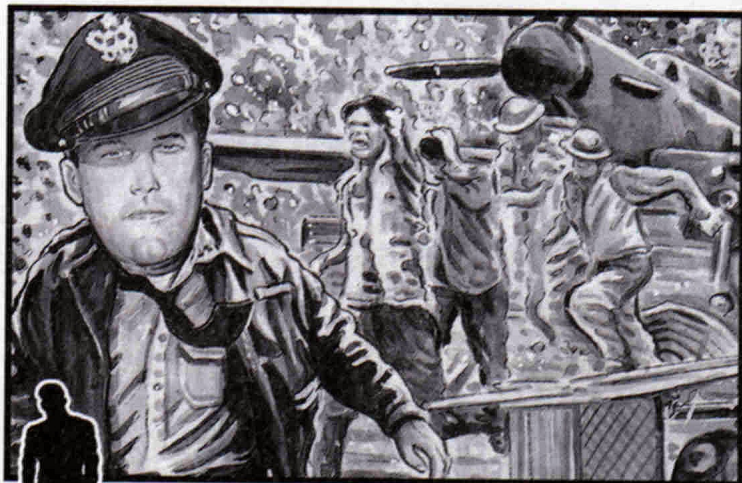
When you first sit down at a poker table, you want to show the dealer and the other players that while you're happy to be there, you really mean business. I recommend going with the expression I used in *Jersey Girl* when I met Liv Tyler's character for the first time and I wanted to convey that I was attracted to her, but not overly interested.



If you're holding a poor hand, you don't want to telegraph it to your opponents. You want to bluff them into folding by raising, while looking overly confident. I suggest using the expression I did in *The Sum of All Fears* when I gave good news to the President, played by James Cromwell.



If you have a great hand, don't broadcast it! Give the other players a false sense of security by looking slightly concerned, like I did in the scene from *Surviving Christmas* when James Gandolfini's character is just starting to get on my nerves.



For mediocre hands, it's best to be completely expressionless so your opponents have no idea what you're thinking. Try using the expression I had in the scene from *Pearl Harbor* when the base was under attack and my comrades were dying brutal deaths all around me.

OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

With the basic techniques taught in *Ben Affleck: The Art of the Poker Face*, you can win a bundle at the poker table, or at the very least, get a leading role in the next Kevin Smith movie!

To order
Ben Affleck: The Art of the Poker Face

for only \$19.95, visit www.stonemug.com.

All major credit cards. Sorry, no personal markers accepted.

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

A MAD AD
PARODY



KUPER



It's awards season, and you know what that means...lots of lights! Lots of paparazzi! And so much meaningless fluff to keep track of, you're gonna need...

MAD'S MINUTE-BY-MINUTE BREAKDOWN OF A TYPICAL RED-CARPET PRE-AWARDS SHOW



To prepare for its *Live From the Red Carpet* special, the TV Guide Channel production team removes Joan Rivers from her cryogenic freeze.

Nick Lachey, Justin Timberlake and Andy Dick arrive, establishing a Hollywood red carpet record for the lowest collective I.Q. ever for three celebrities.



Catherine Zeta-Jones helps Michael Douglas with his walker.

5:03 PM

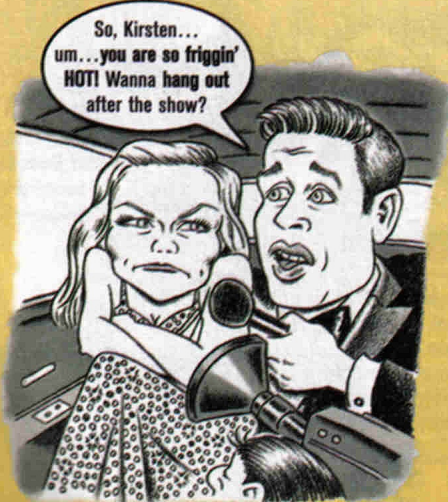
7:01 PM

7:08 PM

6:43 PM

7:03 PM

7:12 PM



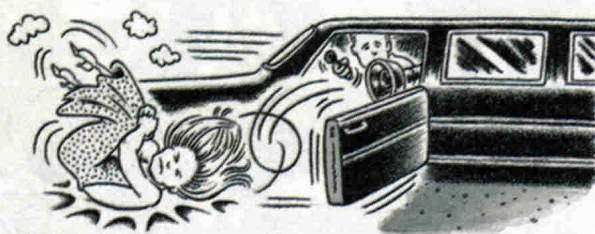
In a limo across town, Kirsten Dunst wishes death on her publicist for granting *Access Hollywood*'s Billy Bush permission to take an exclusive behind-the-scenes ride with her.

Just two minutes later, the Lachey-Timberlake-Dick I.Q. record is shattered with the appearance of Carmen Electra, Lindsay Lohan and Ashlee Simpson.

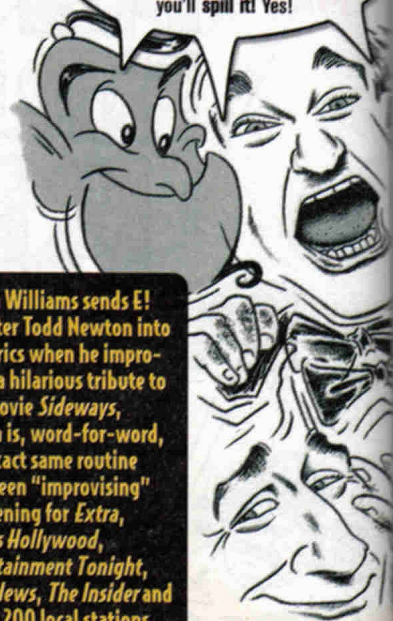


Legendary screenwriter William Goldman, whose films have grossed a bazillion dollars in the past 30 years, walks the red carpet without getting recognized, let alone stopped, once. (It's later determined that the star wrangler with the headset and walkie-talkie got more TV time.)

Kirsten Dunst shoulder-rolls out of her limo while it's still going 25 mph — to get away from Billy Bush once and for all.



Oh, yes!
Look, I'm walking sideways!
Sideways on the sidewalk! Yes! Now I'm drinking wine! Waiter, I'll have a glass of Beaujolais! But don't hold it sideways, you'll spill it! Yes!



Robin Williams sends E! reporter Todd Newton into hysterics when he improvises a hilarious tribute to the movie *Sideways*, which is, word-for-word, the exact same routine he's been "improvising" all evening for *Extra*, *Access Hollywood*, *Entertainment Tonight*, *MTV News*, *The Insider* and about 200 local stations.

In an ironic twist, Jamie Foxx, who wasn't actually blind when he portrayed Ray Charles, is permanently rendered sightless by the 10,000 paparazzi flashbulbs that go off in his face all at once.



P. Diddy arrives and, even though it's a cloudless, warm night, some dude in a \$3,000 suit covers him with an umbrella.

7:14 PM

7:18 PM

7:24 PM

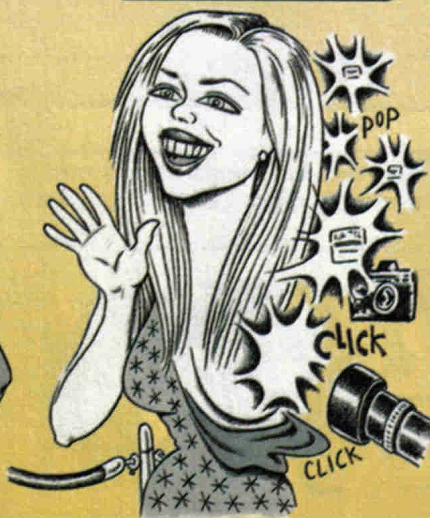
7:32 PM

7:21 PM

7:30 PM

7:33 PM

Tara Reid's boob "accidentally" falls out of her dress...again.



Michael Moore uses his camera time to tell Mary Hart how the Bush administration's inability to deal with the impending budget crisis has brought on trade deficits, unsustainable debt and a Social Security crisis — because if there's one thing that *Entertainment Tonight*'s mouth-breathing, Cheeto-eating, 54-I.Q.-having audience LOVES, it's wonky government policy talk!



Are you done yet, you liberal lard-ass? Gwen Stefani is behind you!

So, Scarlett, you're giving out the award for Breast Actress...er, BEST Actress! And you're co-presenting with Booba Gooding Jr...sorry! Cuba Gooding Jr.!



Pat O'Brien interviews Scarlett Johansson and doesn't come close to making eye contact with her even once.

Bill Murray physically assaults an *Extra* camera crew, after some idiot PA asks him to do a 14th take on his free "Extra! Extra!" promo.



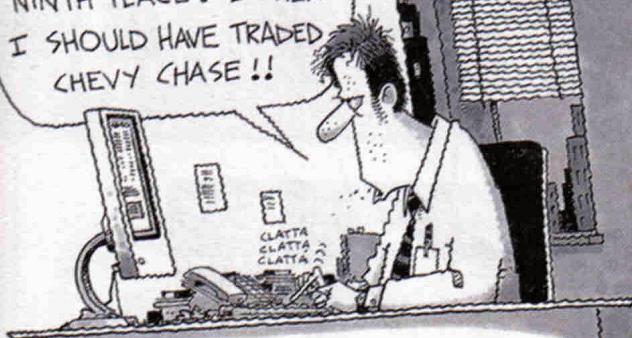
THE TRAGICALLY CHIP DEPT.

The problem with there being 500 channels on cable is that the programmers have to find some kind of crap to fill them. The latest batch of crap on all of them is poker. *Celebrity Poker*, the *World Poker Tour*, the *World Series of Poker* and *Survivor: Palms Casino* are all attempts by different channels to cash in on this fad (well, OK that last one doesn't really exist...it's only in pre-production). But how has this really changed everyday life? Just go all in with...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THANKS TO THE POPULARITY OF POKER...

RATS! I DROPPED TO NINTH PLACE! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE TRADED CHEVY CHASE!!



...Office productivity will grind to a crawl due to online fantasy celebrity poker leagues.

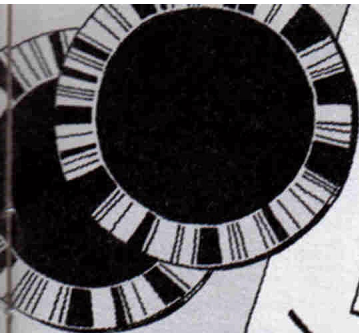


...Some guy who hasn't woken up before noon since 1975 may soon be gracing your box of Wheaties.

...There'll be a dramatic increase in the percentage of bleary-eyed Sunday churchgoers mistakenly going "all in" on the collection basket.



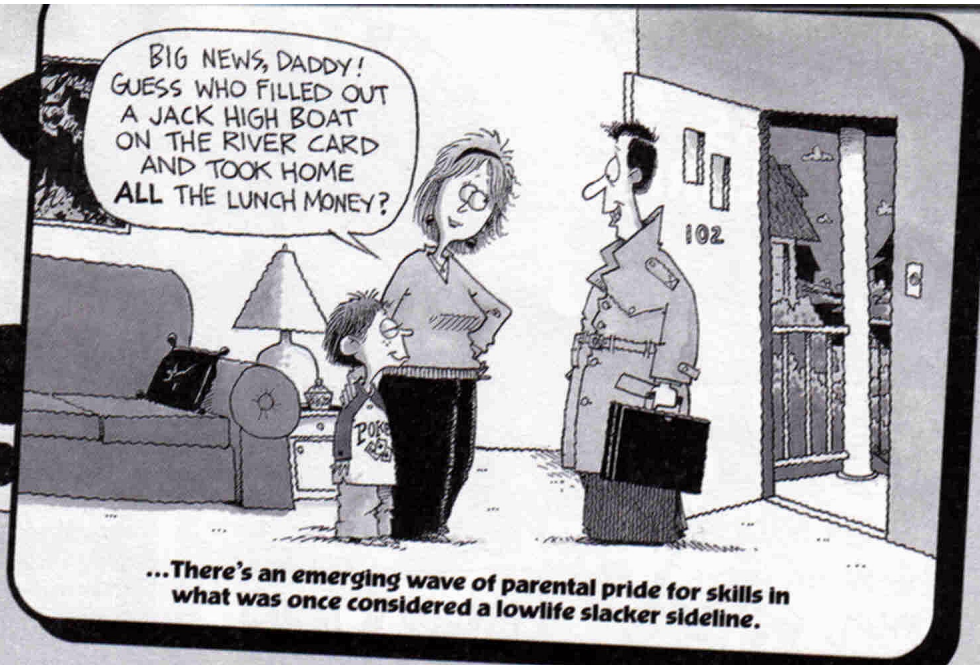
ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL



K

5

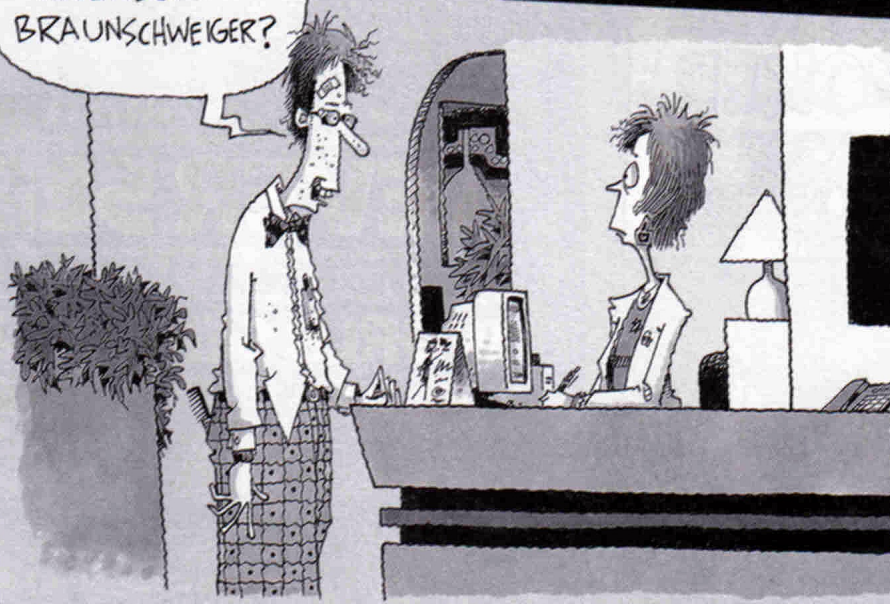
BIG NEWS, DADDY!
GUESS WHO FILLED OUT
A JACK HIGH BOAT
ON THE RIVER CARD
AND TOOK HOME
ALL THE LUNCH MONEY?



...There's an emerging wave of parental pride for skills in what was once considered a lowlife slacker sideline.

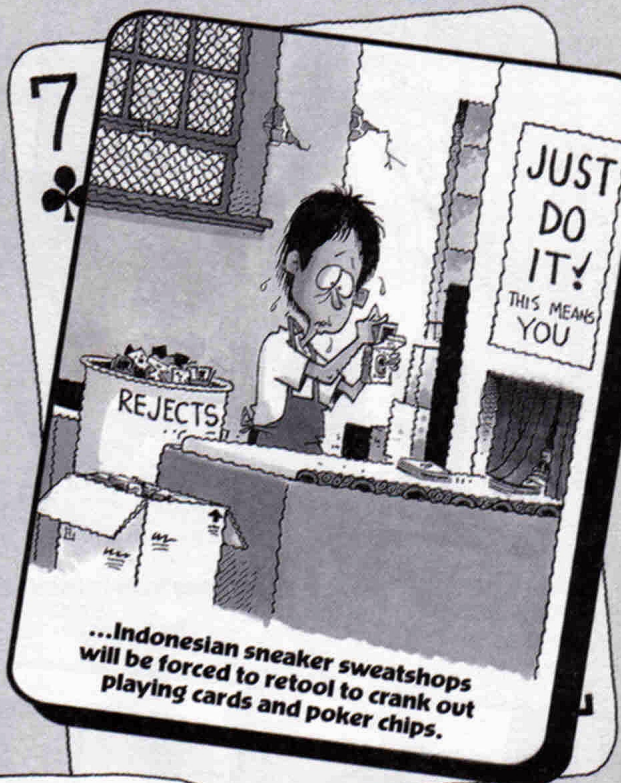


SWEETHEART,
ANY MESSAGES FOR
"RIVERBOAT"
BRAUNSCHEWIGER?



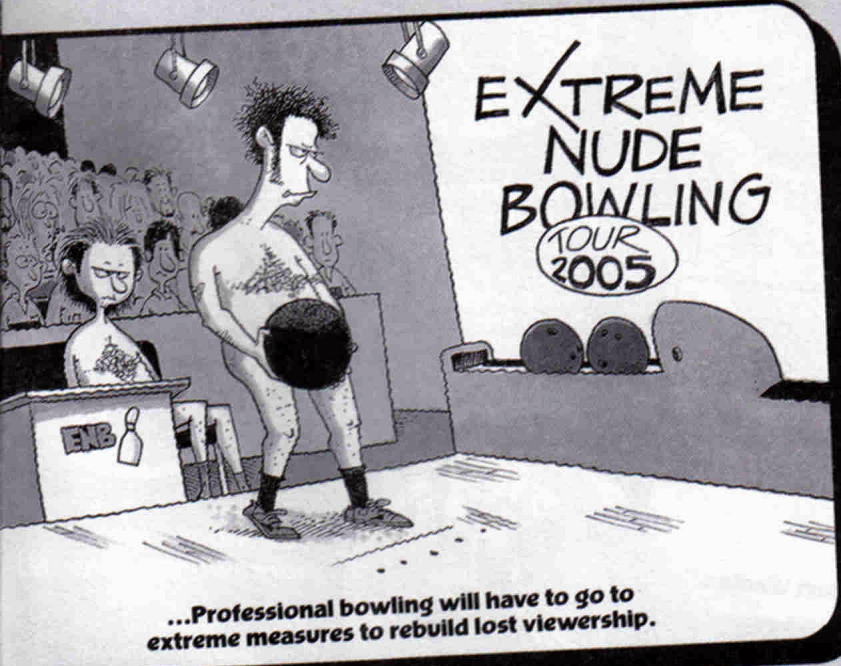
...Every zit-faced numbers nerd who checks into a Vegas hotel will sport an ill-fitting "cool" nickname.

7
♣



...Indonesian sneaker sweatshops will be forced to retool to crank out playing cards and poker chips.

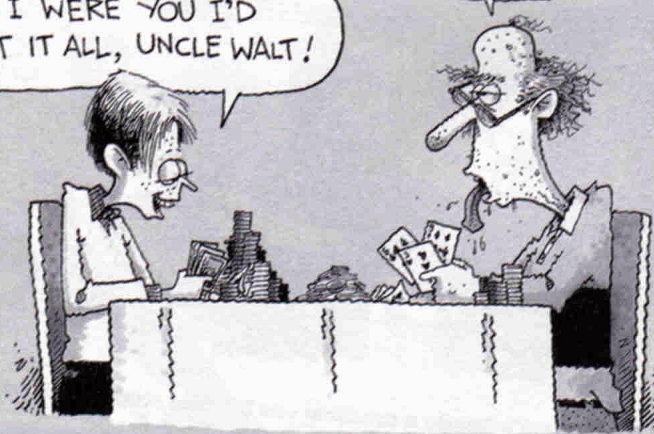
EXTREME
NUDE
BOWLING
TOUR
2005



...Professional bowling will have to go to extreme measures to rebuild lost viewership.

BOY, DO I HAVE
A CRUMMY HAND!!
IF I WERE YOU I'D
BET IT ALL, UNCLE WALT!

FFNFF...?



...Kids can profit greatly from bonding with aging relatives.

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THANKS TO THE POPULARITY OF POKER...

WHERE THE ☆@#&
DO YOU COME OFF
DEALING MY KID
A ii#@& HAND
LIKE THAT, @ii☆#!

PEE WEE
POKER
2005
REGIONAL FINALS



...We'll soon usher in the era of "Poker Dads."

I'LL RAISE
ANOTHER TWENTY!

DAMN!
HE'S GOT A
PAIR OF SUNNIS!
I KNOW IT!

...There's finally a practical use for that stupid deck of "Iraq's Most Wanted."

Barry T. Flurvin,
Hot Falls, ID



Barely knows the basic rules and strategies of the game. Instead, counts heavily on his uncanny resemblance to the King of Clubs to intimidate opponents.

Armand "Blind Hugo"
Phosbury,
Garmentbag, IN

Rapidly pissing away his large cataract malpractice award money with his penchant for going all in with nothing more than a six and deuce, off suit.



PLAYERS YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN THE FINALS OF THE WORLD SERIES OF POKER

Herschel Walstead,
Mustanottagotta, LA



Herschel's A.D.D. combined with superior origami skills frequently results in winning hole cards being turned into a grazing wildebeest.

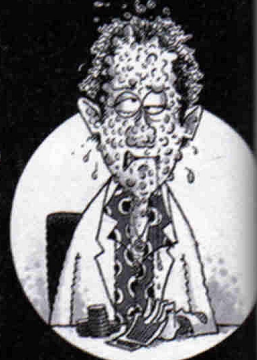
Horst Benoit,
Philbrick, NH

An acute allergic reaction to Bicycle brand playing cards often leaves him dropping out of winnable hands.

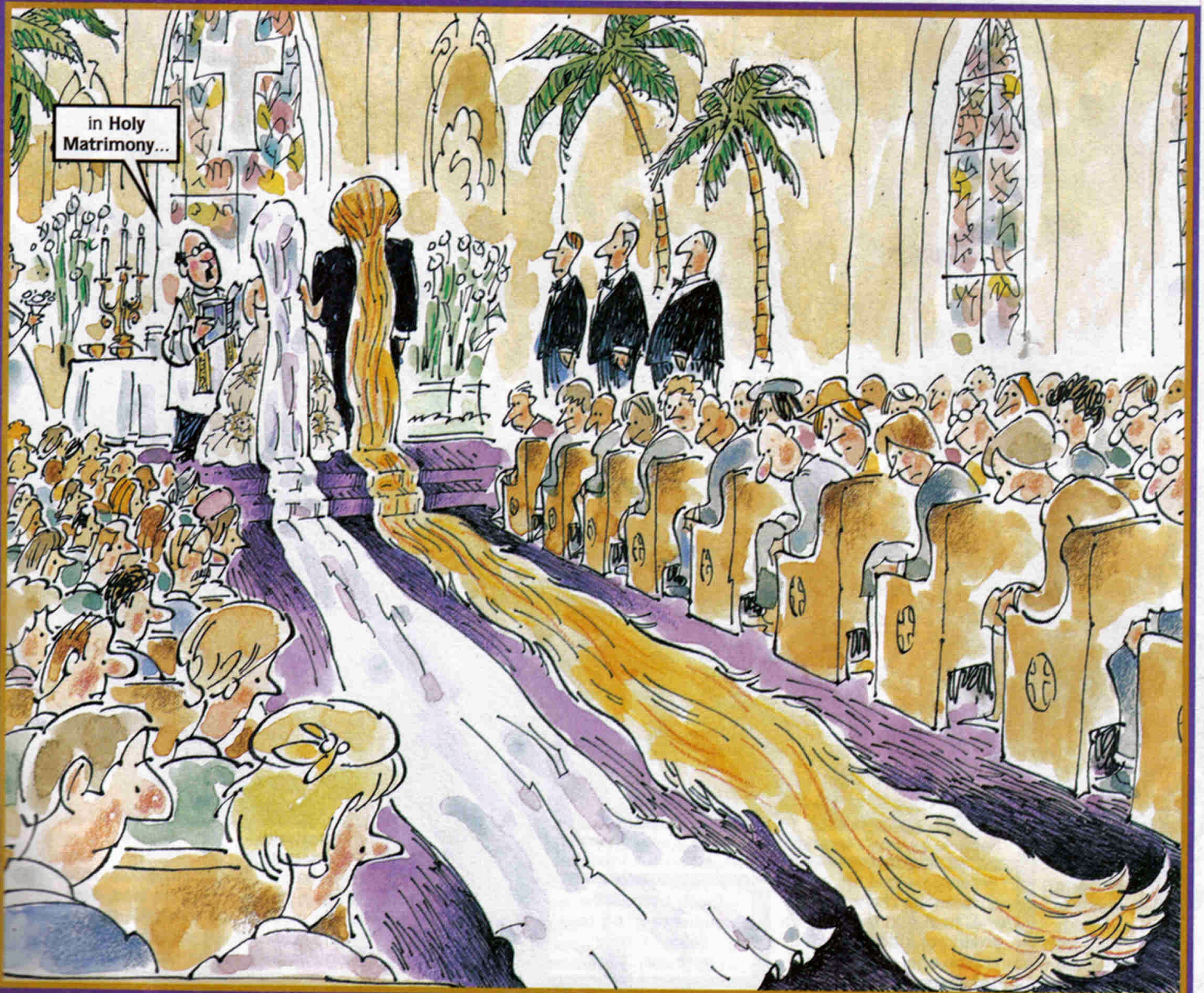


Lou Klogswatt,
Sackawonka River, NJ

Known primarily for having what's known in card circles as a "Bingo" face.



One Fine Morning In Florida





Okay, c\$%& s@#!%n' MAD readers. You want an intro? Here's your f#\$%*n' intro! There's a gritty, foul-mouthed f%\$#@n' western series on HBO which is getting great m%@\$r f&%\$*n' reviews and uses a s&%tload of c&%# s#@%\$n' profanity even when that profanity is f#*%\$n' unnecessary! Here is...

DREAD

This is the town, Saul! We will settle here! We will build a hardware store! We will prosper!

It's a mess! There's filth, mud-splattered streets, pigs eating corpses, and there's a murder every ten minutes!

Perfect! Lots of killings means lots of coffins! We'll get rich just on selling nails alone!

I'm Mal Swearoffen! I'm one foul-mouthed f#\$%n' angry son of a b&*%#! I run this f#\$%*n' town! I control the whiskey, the women, the dope, the gambling and all high-speed internet cable rights — whenever the f@%# that's f&*%*n' invented!

I'm a-hankerin' to pull up stakes here! And gol darn it, if I don't strike it rich, I'll just vamoose along! Lickity split! Yer darn tootin'!

Shoot the cuddly m@#-\$-&-f@#%\$-er! Why?

I hate cute! I will personally hang any c%&*s%*%#r who says skedaddle, mosey or rootin'-tootin'!



They made a big f%&*n' mistake killing Wild Bill Hiccup!

Because he was a legend?

Because he was the most charismatic character the series had! And the f\$%&n' producers killed him off in season one, episode four!

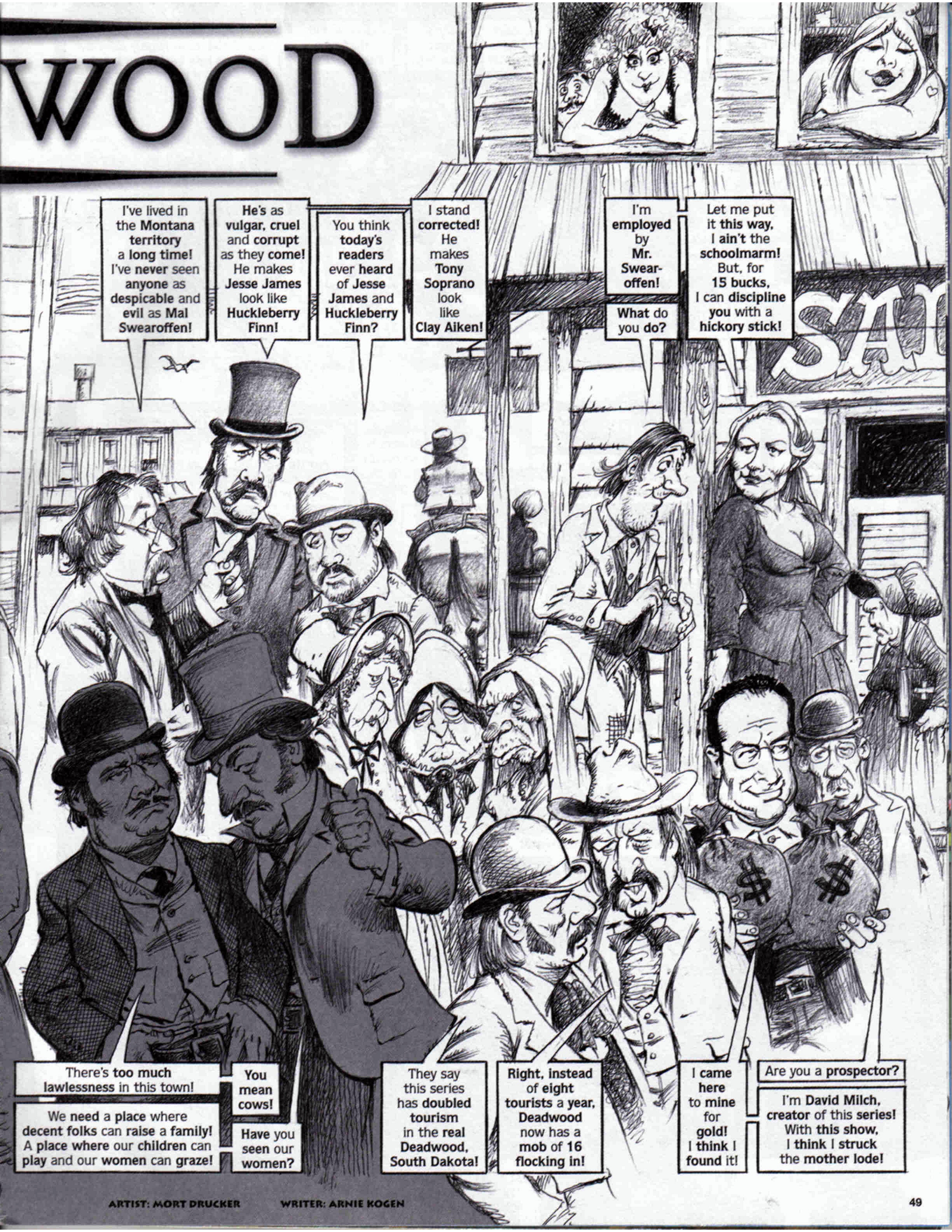
Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't such a mistake!

Really? Who's the audience going to f#\$%*n' tune in to see...you?

Historically, this series is supposed to take place in Sioux Territory! So far I haven't seen one single Indian!

Figures! In the 1870s, the white man stole their land, now, in 2005, they're stealing their acting gigs!

WOOD



I've lived in the Montana territory a long time! I've never seen anyone as despicable and evil as Mal Swearoffen!

He's as vulgar, cruel and corrupt as they come! He makes Jesse James look like Huckleberry Finn!

You think today's readers ever heard of Jesse James and Huckleberry Finn?

I stand corrected! He makes Tony Soprano look like Clay Aiken!

I'm employed by Mr. Swearoffen!

What do you do?

Let me put it this way, I ain't the schoolmarm! But, for 15 bucks, I can discipline you with a hickory stick!

SALOON

There's too much lawlessness in this town!

We need a place where decent folks can raise a family! A place where our children can play and our women can graze!

You mean cows!

Have you seen our women?

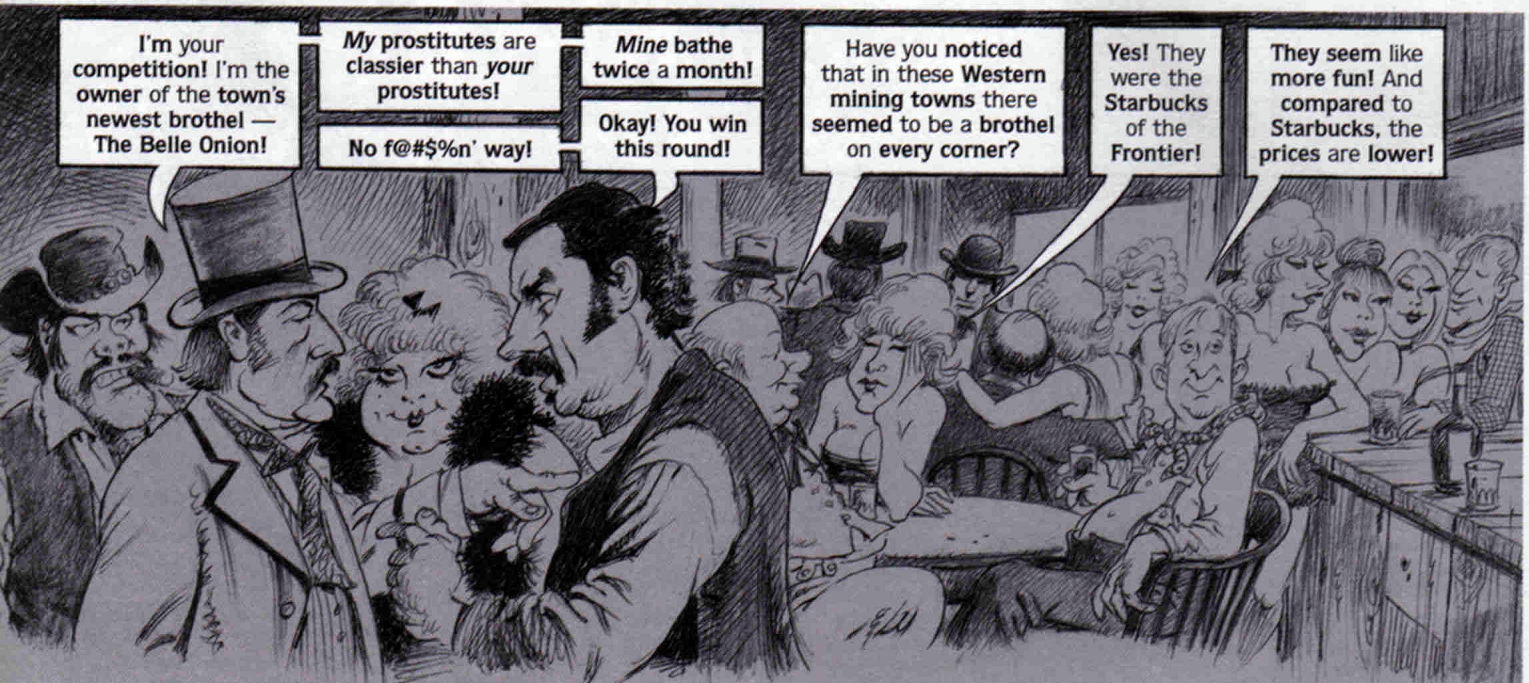
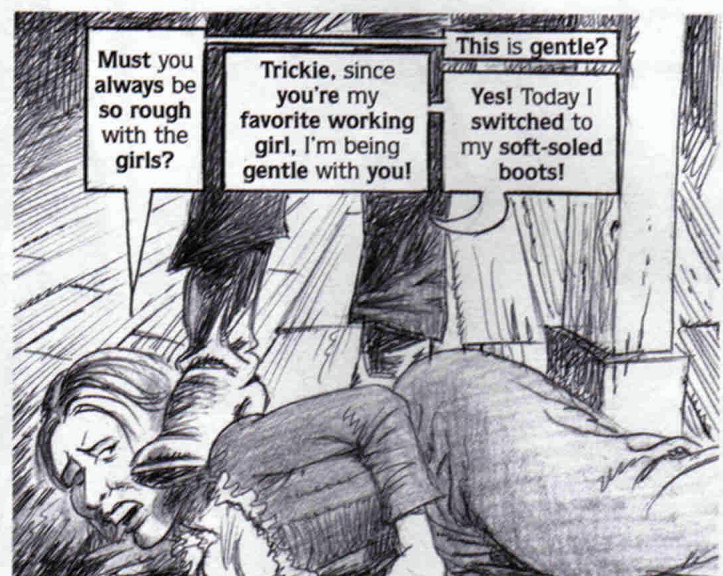
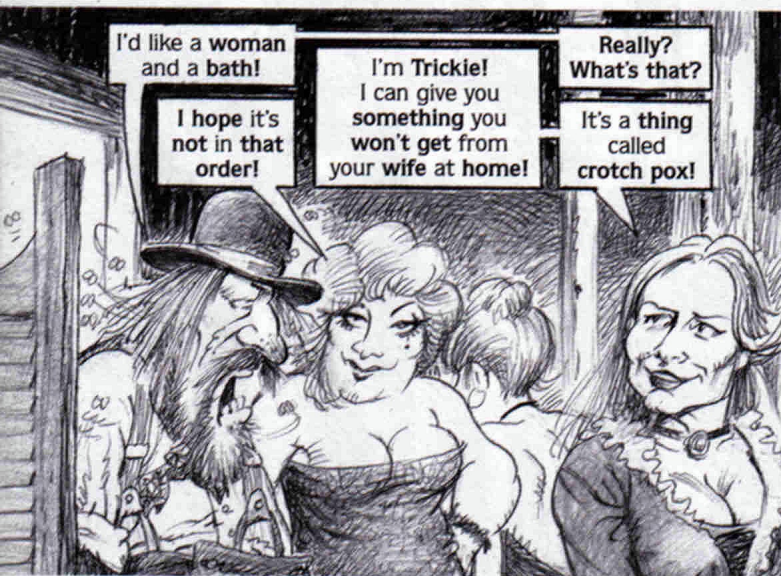
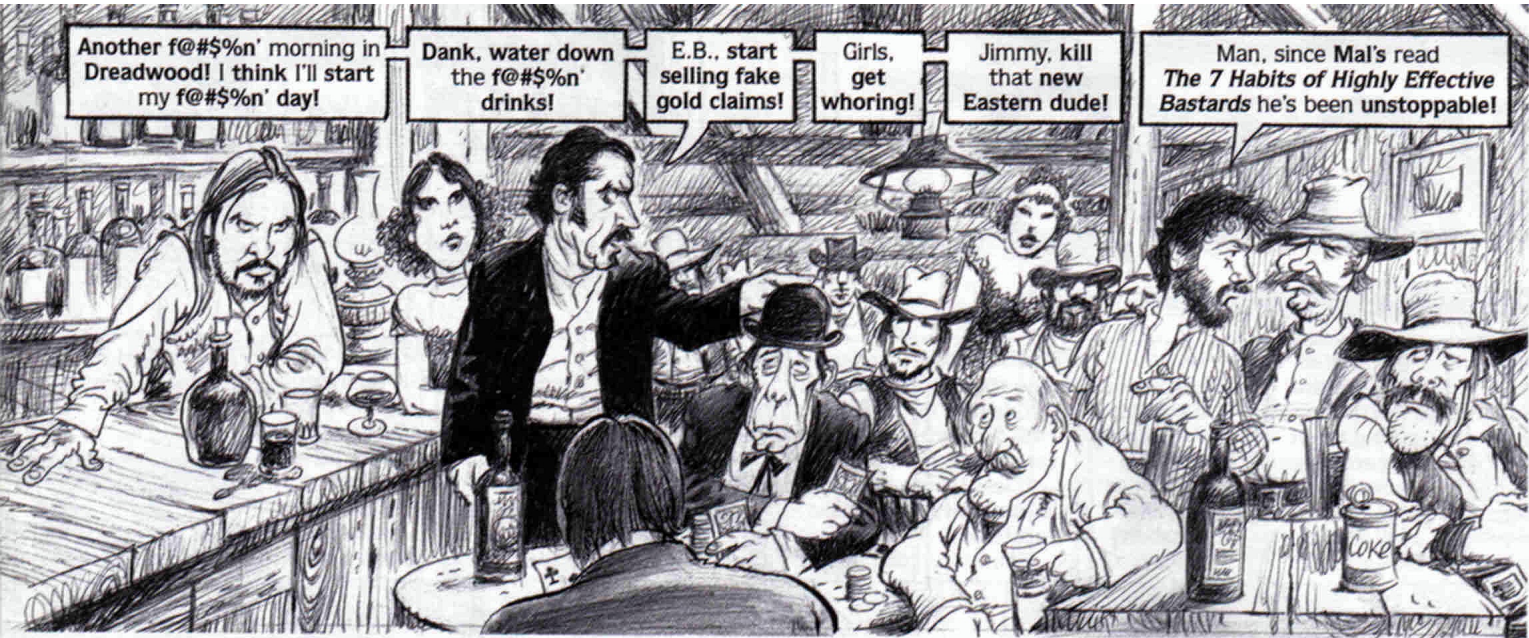
They say this series has doubled tourism in the real Deadwood, South Dakota!

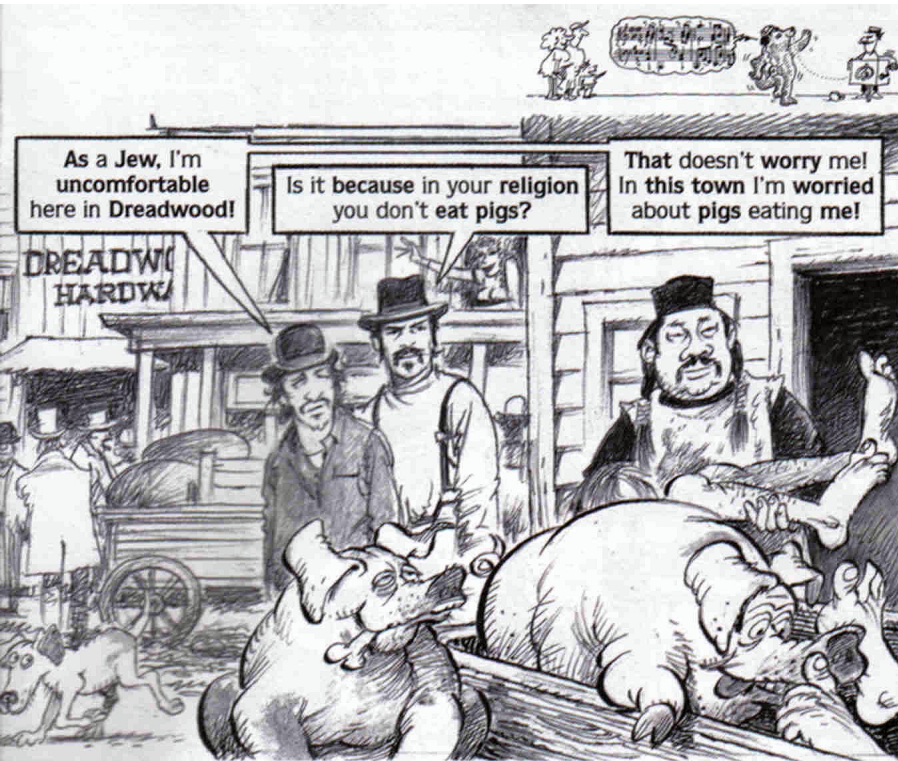
Right, instead of eight tourists a year, Deadwood now has a mob of 16 flocking in!

I came here to mine for gold! I think I found it!

Are you a prospector?

I'm David Milch, creator of this series! With this show, I think I struck the mother lode!

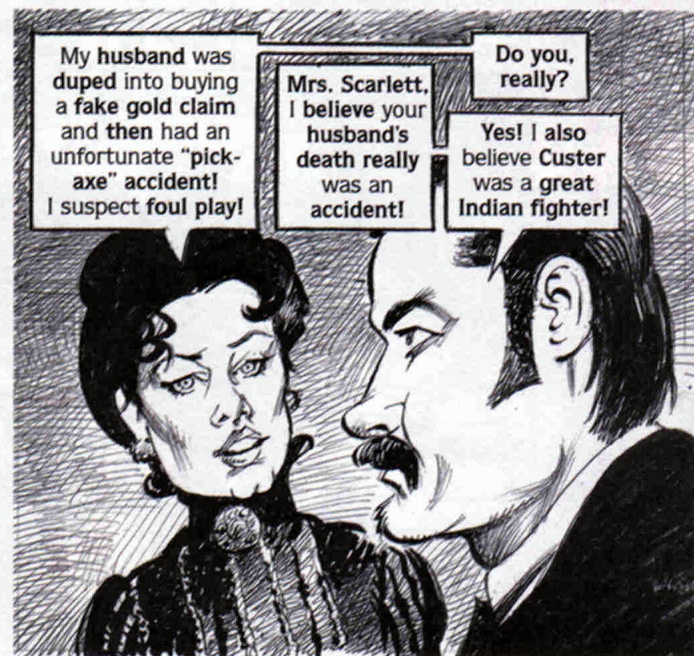




As a Jew, I'm uncomfortable here in Dreadwood!

Is it because in your religion you don't eat pigs?

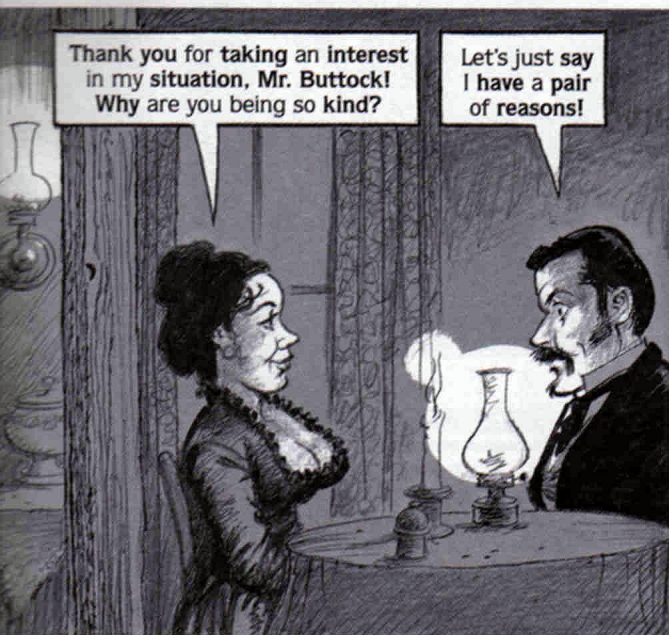
That doesn't worry me! In this town I'm worried about pigs eating me!



My husband was duped into buying a fake gold claim and then had an unfortunate "pick-axe" accident! I suspect foul play!

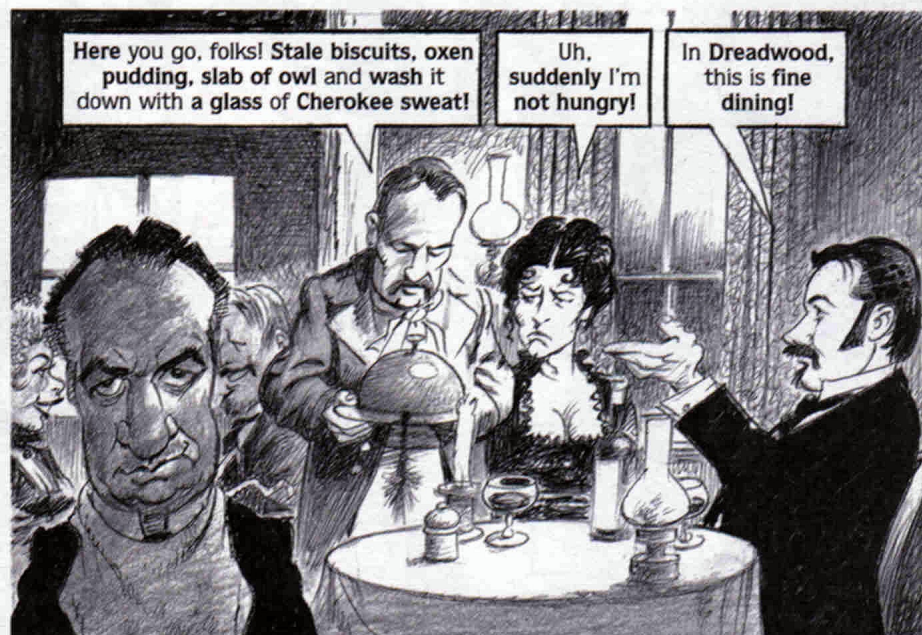
Mrs. Scarlett, I believe your husband's death really was an accident!

Do you, really?
Yes! I also believe Custer was a great Indian fighter!



Thank you for taking an interest in my situation, Mr. Buttock! Why are you being so kind?

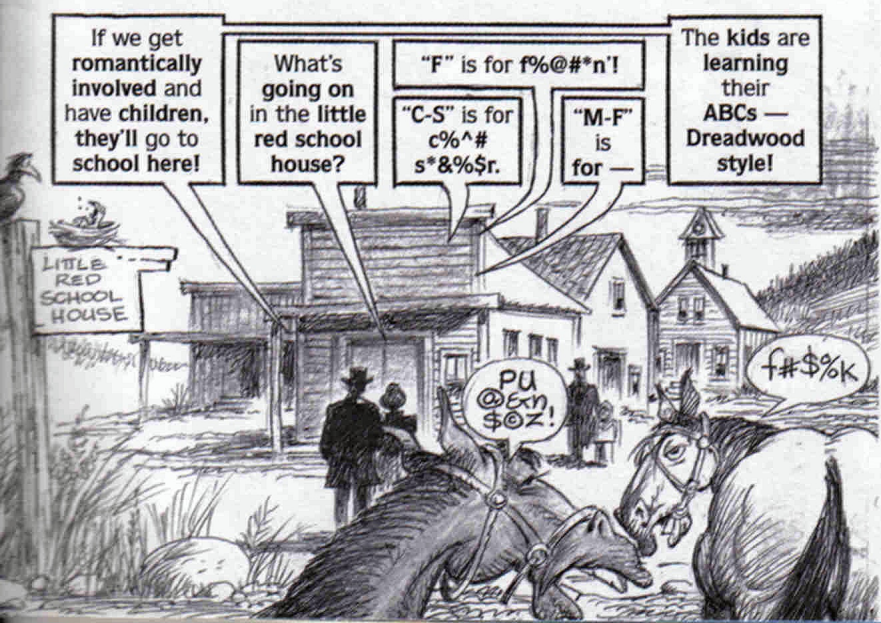
Let's just say I have a pair of reasons!



Here you go, folks! Stale biscuits, oxen pudding, slab of owl and wash it down with a glass of Cherokee sweat!

Uh, suddenly I'm not hungry!

In Dreadwood, this is fine dining!



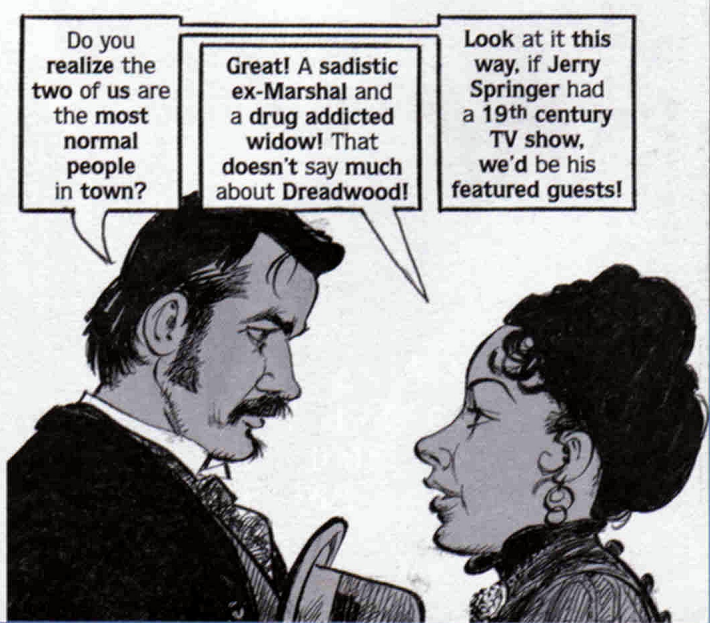
If we get romantically involved and have children, they'll go to school here!

What's going on in the little red school house?

"F" is for f%#@#*n!
"C-S" is for c%^# s*&%\$r.

"M-F" is for —

The kids are learning their ABCs — Dreadwood style!



Do you realize the two of us are the most normal people in town?

Great! A sadistic ex-Marshall and a drug addicted widow! That doesn't say much about Dreadwood!

Look at it this way, if Jerry Springer had a 19th century TV show, we'd be his featured guests!

Nobody here has the f@#\$&n' balls to fight me! Nobody here can f@#\$&n' drink with me! What a bunch of f@#\$&n' c%*s! This town is a f@#\$&n' circus!

Who is that guy?

That guy is a gal... Calamitous Jane!

She's the drunkenest, swearingest, smelliest woman ever — at least until Courtney Love is born!

Westerns sure have come a long way since Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman! How do you allow this sort of language, Reverend?

Don't f@#\$&n' blame me!

Wow, this is a tough town!



Mal, the new girls have arrived!

It's about f#\$%ing time! Send in the c\$%k s#\$%rs!

We haven't worked in over a year! We're a little creaky and rusty, but we're ready to get back into action!

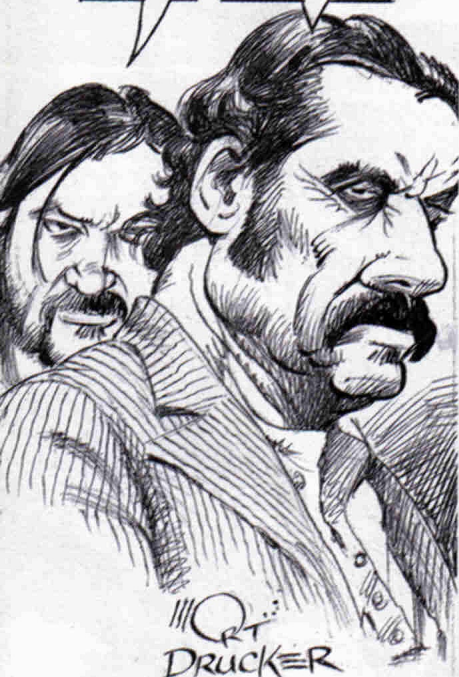
Aren't you a little long in the tooth?

We're experienced! We've done everyone back East! Now we're ready to take on guys in the West!

We know what's expected of us! We're familiar with the territory!

You mean brothels? I mean HBO!

Hey — it's the same f@#\$&n' thing!



WHAT BIG STAR'S
RECORD IS
THE PUBLIC JUST
NOT BUYING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every year, the public pays attention to all the latest hits. Despite all the media attention, however, there's one record that even huge fans are choosing to ignore. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



BARRING MIRACLES, SOME RECORDS WILL STAY
BOTH PANNED AND HATED. IT'S MANY BANDS'
TOTAL NIGHTMARE. AGENTS WHO HAVE PAINTED
HAPPY SALES PROJECTIONS OFTEN HAVE SOME
REAL EXPLAINING TO DO. IT ISN'T MUCH FUN
RECORDING FAILURE AFTER A LIFETIME'S WORK

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B